

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY LOUNSBERRY & JEWELL.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE.

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THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Eight pages, containing a summary of the news of the week, both foreign and local, published every Friday, sent, postage paid, to any address for \$2.00; six months, \$12.00.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The DAILY TRIBUNE circulates in every town within one hundred miles of Bismarck reached by a daily mail, and is by far the best advertising medium in this part of the Northwest.

The WEEKLY TRIBUNE has a large and rapidly increasing circulation throughout the country, and is a desirable sheet through which to reach the farmers and residents of the small towns remote from railroad lines.

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The DAILY TRIBUNE will be found on file at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, and at the leading reading rooms throughout the city.

The Yankton Press and Dakotian of the 12th inst. publishes a short paragraph which will cause a feeling of relief to permeate every loyal breast in northern Dakota. It says:

"Ordway is growing braver as the days go on. He has ventured into the extreme northern portion of the south half of Dakota, and has not yet been dynamited."

We feel constrained to add that the governor is growing more unwise and reckless as the days go on. What could he have been thinking of when he ventured into southern Dakota, where every man is a dynamite fiend and every bush conceals the Gatling gun of the assassin?

Does he not know that the people down there are eagerly thirsting for his heart's blood, and that they would rend him limb from limb if he should be so unfortunate as to fall into their clutches?

And he has really ventured into southern Dakota! He has really dared to enter that hostile realm where dynamite cartridges grow on trees and where every cross roads marks the spot where a hidden mine is concealed, ready to be exploded at any moment! Rash, reckless man, why will you thus rush right into the hungry jaws of death and court extermination?

It is a miracle, indeed, that the governor is alive today. It is remarkable that ere this his friends have not been called upon to gather up his remains in small and infrequent fragments while the exultant dynamite fiends sat around on stumps and fences and grinned in diabolical glee. It is astonishing that he is not now sitting up near the golden gate, sorting over his remains and endeavoring to put himself in presentable shape before entering in to his reward.

The vote on the constitution may have deceived him and have caused him to think that amid the hosts of southern Dakotians he could number a legion of friends, but a man of his sagacity should see at a glance that the almost invisible vote was but a blind to lead him over the border and into the ghoulish clutches of those who seek to exterminate him. How he ever escaped will remain a mystery until he returns to the capital and explains. The people must have mistaken the date of his entry into their domain and hence have permitted him to journey unmolested.

We hope he will never again be so rash. He is a good governor and it would be sad indeed to some day hear that instead of sitting in his office exercising his gubernatorial functions with wisdom and ability, he is strewn prominently over two or three unsurveyed townships in the land of the enemy. The TRIBUNE will take the governor to one side and talk to him real earnestly when he returns.

While claiming that the people of Dakota demand the removal of Governor Ordway the Press and Dakotian insists that the defeat of the "constitution" in several of the counties of southeastern Dakota is traceable directly to him. In Union county, for instance, out of over one thousand votes cast the "constitution" received but thirty-one votes, therefore Gov. Ordway was handsomely endorsed in that county. In Minnehaha county, the home of Mr. Pettigrew who has led the opposition to Governor Ordway since the day of his arrival in the territory, Governor Ordway was endorsed, according to the Press and Dakotian, by a handsome majority. The same is true in Bonhomme county, the home of Charley McCoy, a bitter personal enemy of the Governor, and one of the shrewdest politicians in the territory, Clay, Clark, Brookings and Lincoln counties also gave majorities against. Indeed, the Press and Dakotian admits that the old settled portions of the territory generally opposed and unwisely, the TRIBUNE thinks, attributes the result to Governor Ordway's influence instead of the natural independence of the people, thus giving him far more credit for influence than his warmest friends have ever claimed for him, for it is well known that he took no part in the canvass. He remained at Bismarck, the capital of the territory, during the entire campaign, not heeding the constant stream of abuse that was turned upon him through every possible channel. That abuse did not count, however, except in the newly settled portions of the territory where the people were not so well informed as to

the methods of those who were howling in opposition to him. Where they were known it proved a boomerang. Alex. Hughes, chairman of the capital commission, attorney general of Dakota, and a warm personal friend of the Governor, came in for his full share of abuse during the campaign. But the Press and Dakotian concedes a wonderful influence to him also. The TRIBUNE quotes: "Union county is absolutely controlled by men who have invested largely in Bismarck, and who, with many others there, are the ardent friends of Alex. Hughes, and would follow him down into Satan's domains, if he told them to." These admissions of strength and influence give the lie to the statement that the whole southern part of the territory was in arms against the governor and the capital commission, and must convince the keen observer that their ravings are the result of disappointment or a badly disordered physical system. There is nothing in the result of the vote on the constitution that will contribute to the comfort of the anti-Ordway crowd. There is nothing in it that will give them strength in their efforts to secure the recognition of the southern half of the territory as a state. Nothing that will contribute to the success of the movement for the division of the territory.

The result proves that a very large majority of the people are satisfied with the situation and are content to wait patiently until congress, in its wisdom determines to take up and consider the Dakota question upon its merits.

"With the people outraged beyond endurance," says the Press and Dakotian, speaking of Governor Ordway, "it seems the time is not far distant when Ordway must go." "The simple fact that the people do not want him for governor," it adds, "should be a sufficient reason to secure his removal." It is 'air to assume that every man in South Dakota opposed to the governor turned out on election day and voted for the constitution. The so-called constitutional convention grew out of organized opposition to him, and it was expected that the people would rise up in their might and show their disapproval of his administration by sustaining the Sioux Falls instrument. They did not rise. Scarcely one out of five of the voters of the southern part of the territory heeded the call to vote. Wherever its opponents turned out and expressed their views by means of the ballot it was voted down by an overwhelming majority, and Ordway was sustained. Even in Sioux Falls, the hotbed of the opposition, the home of Pettigrew, the constitution was voted down, while in other precincts, notwithstanding the appeals of the old timers, who seem to think that none are entitled to political rights in this territory unless they are in sympathy with them and ready to sustain them by voice and vote, not a man went to the polls. Of the sixty thousand voters in the south half of the territory only a small percentage voted for the constitution, and, as before remarked, among those so voting will be found not only every man opposed to the governor and every sorehead but also those who, disappointed in the capital location or maddened by the removal, took that means to show their disposition to kick, as well as those who honestly believe in the policy of division.

It was a square fight against the governor and for division, and the people showed their contempt for both propositions by staying away from the polls.

The result is a victory for Ordway, and there is nothing in it that indicates that the people are suffering or even worrying over the condition of affairs. His administration has been wise, patriotic and economical, and the day will come when the people of the territory will show their appreciation of the man who since the day of his first arrival in the territory has dared to stand before the old ringers and tricksters and do what seemed to be right. He has opinions of his own in relation to the conduct of public affairs and has not hesitated to express them on all proper occasions.

Mr. W. R. MAZE, the talented editor of the Washburn Times, is in the city resting for a few days, and his presence here recalls the famous speech he delivered at the organization banquet in his city a short time since. Attorney Flannery, in his response to the toast, "The Press," had just paid a high compliment to the TRIBUNE, and when he had concluded and the applause had subsided, Mr. Maze arose and said: FELLOW BOOMERS: I am an editor. (Applause by Farmer Wallace.) I repeat it, I am an editor—(applause by Farmer Wallace)—and I flatter myself that I know a little something about newspapers. The compliment just paid to our worthy contemporary down the river is a just and a deserved one. (Applause.) I have known Lounsberry and Jewell for the butt end of a century, and I'm elginn' it straight and givin' it to you on the dead square when I say that more energetic boomers never appealed to the common sense of the land seeking tenderfoot from the rocky fields and rugged slopes of the effete east. (Applause.) Effete's a good word. I sent to New York for it. But—I say "but" and I say it fearlessly—but you must not forget that the Washburn Times is still in existence. I am an humble representative of that noblest work of God, an editor. (Applause by Farmer Wallace.) Under my solicitous care the Times has grown from an obscure infant tottering upon its first legs to be the leading paper of McLean county, and the official organ of the city of Washburn, a city whose fame has resounded from the ice-frescoed borders of Manitoba to the sun-kissed groves of Florida, and from the rocky shores of Maine to the bedroom of the resplendent sun—ah! (Wild and uproarious applause.) A city whose guided

spirits will yet stab the cerulean dome of heaven and whose imposing piles of modern architecture will yet call forth the wonder and admiration of an envious world. (Applause.) As I before remarked I am an editor. (Applause by Farmer Wallace.) And I am pr-r-r-round of it! (Farmer Wallace: "Me too.") The Times is not so large as the New York Herald's Sunday edition with an eight-page supplement, but it's front name is Eli and it will git there! (Cries of "At's wasser mazzer, Bill!") It is the newspaper that leads the new country into prominence and affluence, and it is the editor that leads the paper—I repeat it, the editor. (Applause by Farmer Wallace.) The press in the Archimedean lever that moves the world, but without the editor that lever would stand powerless. This trembling, faltering tongue that is patting juba in my awe-inspiring mouth can never do justice to the press, and I may justice well abandon the attempt. (Heartrending sobs.) Had there been no newspapers where would I be today? Probably in the pulpit. (Groans of agony.)

But, thank God, the press sprang into existence—and here I am, an honored, respected, (Farmer Wallace spat on his hands in readiness) beloved and cherished editor. (Applause by Farmer Wallace.) Who would dare to point the finger of scorn at an editor or to offer him any indignity? (Farmer Wallace: "Arthur Linn, dammm!") Too well the people know to the editor they must look for their records of marriages, deaths, elopements and scandals, without which life would be as skim milk. (Applause.)

"But I am done. Words of mine cannot add to the impressiveness of this important occasion. A new county is born. It's mother hasn't been heard from, but as my editorial eye sweeps over this concourse and these well laden tables I am assured that its fathers are doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. Our invited guests, too, Mr. Flannery, Mr. Neal, Mr. Williams and Farmer Wallace (Applause by Farmer Wallace) all seem to be enjoying themselves, and with hearty good will they unite their stentorian tones with ours in shouting long life and gilt-edged happiness to the metropolis of McLean county. (Wild applause.) I have spoken my speak."

Mr. Maze resumed his seat amid uproarious cheers supplemented by long continued applause by his brother editor, Farmer Wallace.

When the good people of McLean county and their visiting guests assembled for a grand banquet after the ceremonies attending the organization of the county, they little dreamed that a sad faced TRIBUNE scribe was in their midst in the weird dress of a Scandinavian farmer, yet such was the fact. The nerve-racking oratory of the managing editor of the Washburn Times was given in our last issue, and since its publication a large number of the more reckless citizens of Bismarck have requested that the speech made by Farmer Wallace on that occasion be given to the world. We cannot but comply and heed these urgent appeals.

The farmer was called on soon after the trouble began. He was overcome with emotion, or something, and arose quite unsteady on his pins but finally braced up and belched forth as follows:

FELLOW CAMPERS ON THE UNCOUTH BORDERS OF CIVILIZATION—(Here about half of the audience succeeded in escaping through the back door.) The tumultuous thoughts which well up spontaneously in the intricate mechanism of my heart upon this occasion crowd in multitudinous confusion to the front demanding recognition in such a heterogeneous mass that my tongue seems stricken with paralysis and my usually agile jaw feels like it hadn't been greased since Adam's happy kidhood days. (Sighs.) This is indeed a momentous occasion. Today the flashing wires heralded forth to a waiting world the joyful tidings that a county is born, and everywhere within the centrifugal belt which spans the equinoctial confines of this hemisphere a shout of joy arose and was echoed back from the bristling battlements of heaven in the rolling tones of the unfettered thunder. (Heart rending groans.) The unclouded canopy above us, studded with its myriad unknown worlds, is tonight smiling upon us with smiles that would warm the heart of an anchorite, and, by the way, suppose we all take a smile, too. (Deafening applause.)

The suggestion was acted upon and after the party had paid their respects to the internal revenue exchequer the farmer again went into a state of volcanic eruption:

"When Marco Alapuseppieair, the celebrated explorer, stood upon the bluffs overlooking the valley of Apple Creek in the realms of the Burleighites he exclaimed: 'E Pluribus Unum, vox populi, et plus ultra! Never before have mine eyes gazed upon a scene of loveliness like unto this,' but that was before McLean county was discovered. My etymology, syntax and prosody fail to assume orthographical form when I essay to touch upon the beauties of this bundle of recently surveyed townships. (Hard breathing in the audience.)

"Fellow boomers—I should say, boomers, I am a plain farmer. Much rather would I dwell beneath the spreading shade of the squash tree or pluck the golden potato from its parent stem than revel in the wealth, opulence and acme gout of the most powerful potentate that ever plumped his equator into a gilded throne. (Sobs.) The souls of the effete monarchs of the dreamy orient never were thrilled with the exquisite pleasure that permeates every fiber of my bucolic frame when I stand amidst the lowing swine or listen to the soft, low bellows of the white-wooled sheep upon my outcropping claim. (Suppressed moans.) I would rather be the humblest farmer that ever hoid a hill of wheat than to be a doorkeeper in the Bismarck opera house. (Exclamations of surprise.)

"Never but once did I renounce my sacred calling and aspire to a higher position in life. A burning fire of shame that consumes my heart and broils the remainder of my internal organs seethes and splutters within me when I allow my massive mind to revert to that wild and unfortunate break! I left the peaceful confines of my ranch dressed in a new paper collar and a look of assumed dignity and squatted in the editorial chair. (Floods of tears all over the hall.) I—I—I—I—but the subject is too painful. Pardon these tears. I've been saving them up for a week for this occasion.

"When I again plunge into the whirl and excitement of the capital city I will tell the people there of this grand jamboree—all I can remember of it. I will tell them that the effort gent can never shed its scintillating rays in ethereal beauty over a more probosciticational conglomeration of incoherent intelligence and hyperbolic boomification than is promulgated on this exuberatingly memorable occasion. (Wild cries for mercy.) I will whisper softly into their yawning ears that unanimity displaced as wherefore by the invalidity concom-

itant in extenso of the derivation anarobogically effervescing with the fecundity lucidly extemporized by the tertiary proofs so unequivocally metamorphosed in consequent amalgamation heretofore manifested paragonically by the quintessence is always octonized, and begund I kin prove it by Flannery." (Shrieks and convulsive twitchings from every boomers present.)

The scene beggared description. The speaker sank to the floor an inanimate mass of plain farmer and store clothes and might could be heard but his labored breathing until the pop of a champagne cork revived him. Flannery sat with face as white and rigid as Parian marble, while Williams vigorously rapped on the bald head of a Swede farmer with a pop bottle and vainly called the house to order. Sheriff Sattlelund robed as if his official heart was riven by a storm and Maze fell upon his knees and began to wrestle in prayer in tones of thrilling earnestness. Carnahan sprang to the instrument and telegraphed to Bismarck for help, and Veeder lit out across the prairie toward Weller. The other celebrants were scattered about in different attitudes struggling with their emotions and a very babel of confusion reigned until Maze arose from his knees and began to read his last editorial on "Education vs. Stud Poker." The result can be imagined. The room was cleared in a moment of every living soul except Farmer Wallace. He was lying across a chair dreaming sweetly of home.

UNDER the head of North Pacific postal affairs, the Pioneer Press publishes a special telegram from Portland, Oregon, as follows:

There is great complaint now throughout the northwestern coast, and especially along the line of the North Pacific west of Helena, at the mismanagement of postal affairs. At present only one route agent is allowed with each mail leaving St. Paul. It is asserted that half a car on each train is allowed for the immense quantities of mail accumulating along the route; that the route agents are overwhelmed with work, and it is totally impossible for them to handle the mail. About 100 sacks are brought clear through to Portland each day, a large portion of which is hauled past the various destinations. The mail has accumulated so rapidly here that it is difficult to find storage room, and the office force of this city is totally inadequate to handle it. A number of route agents have sent in their resignations, owing to overwork.

The postoffice department has stationed Major McDowell, assistant superintendent of railway mail service, at Helena, who has special charge of the service between Bismarck and Portland. He has under his control a full corps of clerks, experienced and under perfect discipline, and the necessary orders have been given to all postal clerks for the distribution of mails that will make it possible for the present force to do the work easily. The runs have been divided as follows: St. Paul to Fargo; Fargo to Bismarck; Bismarck to Miles City; Miles City to Helena; Helena to Portland. For a few days after the opening of the road, the clerks between Bismarck and Miles City were overwhelmed with mail, but the new orders for distribution gave immediate relief, and everything is running now like clock work. None of the agents have resigned, and none contemplate doing so, the Pioneer special to the contrary, notwithstanding. Additional room in the cars is needed, however, and it is understood that orders have been given for the surrender to the postoffice department of the end of the car now used for express. That will remedy that difficulty. A helper was provided between Bismarck and Jamestown, some months ago, and the public may rest assured that when others are needed at other points on the line, they will be provided. The story of mismanagement is evidently in the interest of rival lines, and is a part of the warfare on North Pacific stocks.

While it is to be regretted that the opponents of the attempt to divide Dakota without authority from congress, did not turn out and vote against the instrument, the result is generally accepted among fair-minded men as equivalent to its overwhelming defeat. Commenting upon this subject, the Jamestown Alert says:

The whole scheme was engineered by a combination of politicians who wanted office in the proposed state, and the people were not so stupid as to be unable to see it. It was a supreme farce from beginning to end, and it seems that the larger part of the people regarded it as such.

Of the vote, the Alert says: While giving a technical majority of several thousand for it, the result of the vote on the constitution is really defeat by a twice as many thousand who failed to give their endorsement by failing to vote at all. The constitution will be presented to congress as the will and wish of the people of that section, while at the same time it will have the endorsement of more than one-tenth of the voters. Congress will not be likely to accept this as the "evidence that gives consent," but rather the reverse. There are many sufficient reasons for the apathy manifested by the people on this subject. They knew there was no legal restriction as to who might vote or how many times a person might vote upon the question of adoption. They knew also that congress would not recognize either the constitution or the vote, as both were outside of any authority given by that body.

ONE of the Yankton papers, the Herald, in publishing the returns of the late vote on the constitution, after asserting that it "will not follow the example of its city contemporary and attempt to deceive with false estimates, but will give the exact figures as they are received," says that "the constitution makers have suffered a practical defeat and that fact cannot be avoided or dodged by any amount of guess work returns and fictitious figures."

The Herald was in receipt of the returns up to the night of the 9th inst.,

and gives the total vote at 13,898. For the constitution, 8,191. Against the constitution, 5,707. Majority for the constitution, 2,484.

In an editorial paragraph the Herald, while not referring to the governor in remarkably complimentary terms, somewhat forcibly says: "The 'Ordway' cry has proved a boomerang to its inventors. How now will they explain that a vote against the constitution did not really mean an endorsement of that fraud? If their assertions before election were true, Jumbo has actually been endorsed by a majority of the people of southeastern Dakota."

A sad and touching story comes to us from Grand Marais. A guileless red son of the forest whose early education in the intricate sciences seems to have been somewhat neglected found a nitro-glycerine cartridge, and of course thought it was something good to eat. One of the peculiarities of the noble Indian is that when he finds a thing and doesn't know what it is he invariably classifies it with his alphabetical list of foods and entombs it in his always hungry midst. This Indian made a fair average lunch from the tenderest end of the cartridge, smacked his lips with satisfaction and returned to his tepee. After family prayers that evening his guide squaw washed the children and put them to bed and soon the aged soul, also retired. During the night his wife yelled to him to "lie over," and at the same time dug her elbow into his abdomen with wifely vigor. He did as she requested. He laid over a considerable portion of the adjacent real estate while here and there fragments of his once proud frame could be seen dangling from the limbs of trees in the soft moonlight. His wife hasn't been heard from since, and unless another shower of flesh is reported from Kentucky, or down that way, the inference will be drawn that she ascended to heaven on the wings of her husband's last square meal and took her body with her for company. The story is a sad one and should teach the untutored red children to always investigate before they bite into a substance with which they are not personally acquainted.

SEVERAL of the South Dakota newspapers are making themselves ridiculous by uncalled for attacks upon Governor Ordway, who thinks and acts with reference to his duties to the territory, without reference to the wishes or claims of the rings or syndicates which have heretofore felt that they were the only representatives of Dakota. The following, from the Jamestown Alert, is specially commended to their consideration. The Alert certainly cannot be accused of being in the interest of Bismarck. The Alert says:

As Governor Ordway has a thirty days' leave of absence from the territory, the South Dakota papers will be able to get some sleep, unless they lie awake in trouble through fear that he will put up some scheme on them while he is away. If they would hear of him attending church they would knock their knees together like as did Belshazzar, for fear the governor would use the sanctuary to call down upon them some supernatural calamity. They need have no fears, for the governor would gather his South Dakota children together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wing, but they will not.

As a result of the November elections the republicans throughout the country are confident of success in the next presidential campaign. Indeed they have no doubt as to the result. This state of affairs has encouraged the friends of President Arthur to avow his candidacy. A consultation among leading republicans will be held early in December, and it is believed he will be universally recognized as the coming candidate. President Arthur is particularly gratified with the result in New York, and with reason, as it was brought about not only by his wise administration of public affairs, but by his discreet treatment of the heretofore opposing factions in his own state as well.

THE Jamestown Alert commenting upon the TRIBUNE's article in relation to the candidacy of President Arthur concedes that the result in New York was a personal victory for him, but assumes that the result in Ohio was a personal defeat. THE TRIBUNE does not look upon it in that light. Ohio was lost to the republicans because of the liquor question which was unwisely thrown into the campaign. Whenever that question becomes a political one it leads to democratic success and gains absolutely nothing for the temperance cause.

A HUMAN FIRE.

The Phenomenon of a Burning Mine Repeated in the Physical System.

A few years ago one of the most important coal mines in Pennsylvania caught fire. It started slowly but soon obtained such headway that it spread through the greater portion of the entire mine. To flood it with water would extinguish the fire, but well nigh ruin the mine; and still the flames continued to increase. At that juncture a young man stepped forward and suggested that all the entrances and vent holes of the mine be covered and secured, thus shutting off the supply of air. His advice was followed and the flames were finally subdued.

To compare the condition of this mine with many phases of the human system, is most natural and appropriate. "Fire in the blood" is not a mere expression, it is a most serious fact. How it originates it may be impossible to say; but that it burns and rages with an increasing fury, the one who is its victim only too plainly knows. The blood is the life. It is designated by nature to purify, strengthen and sustain the system. It is too often made the channel through which poison and death are transported. Poisonous acids coming through

the veins and arteries inflame and cause a fire just as real as the one which existed in the mine. They burn and irritate, causing the brain to become weak and the nerves unstrung; they carry pains to the muscles and leave agonies in the joints; they bring destruction instead of strength; they devastate the very portions of the body that most require help, and they hasten the approach of death in its most horrible form. These things have been felt by innumerable people who have been the victims of rheumatic disorders, and the agonies they have endured confirm this description.

There is but one way by which this fire in the blood can be extinguished, and that is by shutting off the supply of these poisonous acids. The lactic, lithic and uric acids come into the blood through the liver and kidneys, and they remain in solution in the blood, producing inflammatory rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia, gout and all rheumatic fevers and affections. When they are deposited as gritty crystals in and near the joints, they cause articular rheumatism; when in the muscles, muscular rheumatism and lumbago; when in the tissues covering the nerves, sciatica; when in the face, head and nerves generally, neuralgia. In every case they are painful; in most instances dangerous. Inflammatory rheumatism is likely to locate in some joint and become chronic, or suddenly attack the brain or heart, causing apoplexy or heart disease. The fire in the blood must be extinguished—the supply must be shut off. This can only be done by guarding the portals to the blood—the kidneys and the liver; and no means has ever been found for accomplishing this which can equal Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure. It acts directly upon the seat of the disorder; it extinguishes the fire by controlling the supply and removing the cause.

The well known standing of H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., the remarkable success which Warner's Safe Cure has achieved, being endorsed by no less a personage than Dr. Robert A. Gunn, Dean of the United States Medical College, New York, and the fidelity with which they have carried out all their promises to the public, should be sufficient to warrant that the above statements are true. They, however, guarantee to cure ninety-five per cent. of all rheumatic troubles, especially acute, knowing full well that the demonstrated power of the remedy justifies them in so doing. Nothing can be fairer than this, and those who suffer in the future from rheumatism with such an offer before them, do so on their own responsibility, and can blame no one if living pain and ultimate death are the results.

Hello, Washburn!

These words will soon be sent over the telephone wires from Bismarck to the county seat and metropolis of McLean county. The people of Washburn, who have already manifested the greatest of Dakota enterprise in securing telegraphic communication with the capital city in a day's time, and in time to send a full report of the organization banquet, have completed arrangements for the establishment of a telephone line from the exchange in this city to their growing young town. As the military wire now stretched can be used for this purpose the accomplishment of the scheme can be effected with economy and at little expense. If this important feature is added to the Bismarck telephone exchange, it will not only be a great blessing to the energetic community of Washburnites, but will be an advantage to the people of Bismarck in receiving news from the north, taking orders and shipping goods to the neighboring towns and in various other ways, which will be a matter of much convenience and material benefit. A merchant in Bismarck can step up to the phone, ring up the Washburn grocer, hardware dealer or hotel keeper and inform him that a new invoice of fresh salmon has just been received from the Columbia river, a grate for the successful and economical use of lignite coal has been patented, or that three carloads of celer arrived on the morning train. The coal miners of McLean county may contract for the delivery of fuel to the Bismarckian homes and business houses, and thus the forty-five mile barrier between the two points be, communicatively speaking, completely obliterated. With telegraphic and telephonic facilities for communication Washburn can truly boast of metropolitan improvements.

The Hewett Musettes.

Still they come. This time Hewett's Musettes, a first class musical and comedy company are billed to appear in the Athenaeum on the evenings of November 27th, 28th and 29th. Among those in the company is the celebrated mind-reader, Miss Eva Pear, whose acts are indeed marvellous. Mr. C. Degroat, advance agent for the company is now in the city making arrangements for the company's appearance. Selections from all the leading operas will be given and a varied and interesting programme is on the boards.

A Card.

Sims, Nov. 14, 1888.—I desire to thank my friends of Sims for the able manner in which they befriended me after the fire of the 13th. My thanks are due especially to Mrs. C. O. Berger, Fred Sulle and Harry Graham for their efforts in my behalf. W. E. DEBOAN.

ONE of Barnum's largest elephants is slowly dying from a disease of the liver. He has been giving it a half a bushel of liver pills every three hours for a month but it is gradually sinking and the wolf is feared.

A FIFTEEN year old crank out in Colorado claims to be the son of Bill Nye, the humorist. Bill says that since his late illness his mind is a little shaky on the events of the past, but he is inclined to think the young man is mistaken.

Two doctors are treating Senat-r Anthony; one for heart disease and the other for Bright's disease. After his death it will require a post mortem examination to settle the question as to which of them is entitled to the honor of wearing him out.