

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY LOUNSBERRY & JEWELL.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE.

Published every morning, except Monday, at Bismarck, Dakota, is delivered by carrier to all parts of the city at twenty-five cents per week, or \$1 per month.

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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, \$1.25.

TO ADVERTISERS! THE DAILY TRIBUNE circulates in every town within one hundred miles of Bismarck reached 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. The general eastern agent of the TRIBUNE is A. F. Richardson, with headquarters at Room 65, Tribune Building, New York.

THE TRIBUNE is almost daily in receipt of letters from parties in the east, asking for information regarding the section of country lying round about Bismarck. Each one of them breathes the same sentiment—that Dakota is a Mecca toward which the eyes of the whole country are turned in search of new homes to which they can emigrate from the overcrowded districts of the east. Countless thousands of weary, hopeful pilgrims will take up their line of march toward this great land of promise when the first soft zephyrs of spring fan away the frosts of winter, and here they will find homes and lifelong prosperity awaiting them. Dakota stretches out like an almost limitless sea upon every hand, and there is scarcely an acre of land within her broad domain that will not yield to the sturdy settler a golden harvest if touched by the magic influence of the gleaming plow. One is at times tempted to think that the all-wise God in His great wisdom caused certain influences to prevent the settlement of this grand northwestern empire until the surging millions began to jostle each other in the older states, and then, to relieve the pressure, threw wide open the welcoming gates and cried aloud unto such as were not comfortably situated in the east to gather together their wives and families and herds and household idols and come in and occupy the fairest land that ever reflected back His gracious smiles from its rich and productive bosom. The moccasin tracks of the red man have scarcely become cold ere they are obliterated with the flashing plow, and the hum of the reaper now re-echoes in pleasing harmony adown the valleys that erstwhile heard no sound but the yell of the savage.

That the rush to Dakota in the early spring will be a great one, no one can doubt. If we read the signs of the times aright it will come as comes the flood, covering the land with settlers in its impetuous march, rising higher with each rolling wave until it covers all the broad bosom of the northwest with sturdy settlers whose strong arms shall cultivate the soil and pile their golden harvests into the great commercial marts of the world.

"We hear the tread of pioneers, Of nations yet to be, The first low wash of waves where soon Shall roll a human sea."

It is coming from the east and from the south; from the sunny shores of Italy and from the vine-clad slopes of France; from the crowded marts of England and from the oppression-cursed confines of the Emerald Isle; the sturdy German joins the rolling flood and the highlands and lowlands of Scotland pour their thousands into the grand Dakota-bound phalanx; the dweller in the romantic hills of Switzerland sounds a farwell note upon his alpine horn and faces toward the great land of promise, and the Dane, the Norwegian, the Swede, the Russian, the Welshman—in short the oppressed and poverty-pinched people of every clime beneath the rays of heaven's sun are looking toward us with eager, hopeful eyes as they pack together their worldly goods and bid farewell to the land of their birth. Even the almond-eyed, idol-worshipping Chinaman glances with his cut-bias eyes in this direction, with envy in every look, and wishes he could come too.

There is room enough for all. We could almost camp the world upon our lovely prairies and arable slopes, and the productions of our incomparable soil would feed the universe.

To all we bid a cordial welcome. There are homes here awaiting all, and they will be cordially greeted at our eastern gate and welcomed to peace and prosperity without regard to color, race, religion, previous condition of servitude or political opinions. Come on and help us build up a grand state that will one day raise its proud crest to the very skies and tower aloft, the wonder and envy of the whole civilized world.

AFTER the most mature and deliberate reflection and after weighing the matter carefully and looking it over on every side, the Valley City Times has this to say: "A few days since the literary fellows of the press stated that Mary Anderson was to be married to the Duke of Portland, one of the most ancient of England's nobility. This was denied by Mary. Not to be beaten out of seeing Mary married, an Associated Press dispatch of a day or two following contained the important announcement that Mary Anderson was about to marry a Lieutenant Duke, of the United States army, stationed at Portland, Oregon. Some enterprising bohemian now upsets this little story by saying that there is no Lieutenant Duke on the army

list, and Mary is still unmarried. We suggest Kit Adams, of the Bismarck TRIBUNE. He admits that he is domestic in his habits, in so far as he prefers home-made pie to hotel hash." Friends desiring to forward presents need not hesitate to begin doing so at once. Please forward by express, and to insure a due return of double distilled gratitude and three-ply, ingrain thanks do not neglect to prepay the charges. Mary has been apprized of the new arrangement.

MONTANA paper, December 20th:—"We learn that Sullivan, the brutal slagger, a man who is better fitted for the penitentiary than for the stage, is going west over the Union Pacific and will not curse Montana with his presence. He has with him a band of brutes whom it is a disgrace to permit to appear before respectable people."

Same paper, January 12th:—"Mr. John L. Sullivan instead of going direct to California over the southern roads came up over the cross road and will arrive today, and tonight himself and the members of his troupe will give an exhibition of their skill in the manly art of the Opera house. These exhibitions are but illustrations of the skill and muscle acquired by athletic exercise, and are well worth the patronage of all. We trust Mr. Sullivan will find his stay in our city a pleasant one and that he will meet with a cordial welcome from our people. Don't forget that he will actually appear at the Opera house tonight."

A TALENTED gentleman of wide observation and sound common sense, a resident of McPherson county, has become disgusted with the disgraceful scheming of southern Dakota soreheads, and speaks his thoughts in this forcible and sensible manner. His argument is worthy of the attention and mature consideration of every honest man in the territory. He says: "The disgraceful work carried on under the transparency, 'Ordway Must Go,' needs to be called to the attention of the respectable class of citizens of the territory. It is a well-known fact that men wanting to be county commissioners will get up petitions in their own favor. If each of a half dozen sets do not receive the appointment for the same county, then 'Ordway Must Go.' We have had quite enough of this order. The would-be commissioner whose prayer is not granted, and who could not reach by bribery or otherwise the coveted power over a county seat, begins the wild howl. It is no matter which petition is granted, the cry by the rejected is the same. Nothing has been proven against the governor. Any man in the nation would be treated the same way. Nothing disgraces our territory more than this kind of management. That the journals making this howl are not honest, is evident from the fact that they will use such a character as D. A. W. Perkins to pummel the governor and not tell their readers who this Perkins is. Nothing is more complimentary to the governor than that this Perkins howls. An editor who speaks of the governor as 'Dear Guv,' has no honorable purpose. Again, Mr. Editor, the petition business is only making a dodge behind the governor for political dead beats. There is a deceptive work carried on in that matter, and thousands will sign the petition, thinking it means division and opens the door for their town to become the new capital. Every political scarecrow and broken-down nag of a politician thinks his chances in some county will be improved if Governor Ordway is removed. It is time this kind of work, making the territory notorious as a maelstrom of political rottenness, ended. With a new governor, another brood of these county rustlers will swoop down on the territory and the sic ening carnival will seethe and boil more furiously. For the government to listen to this crazy tumult, will disgrace the whole nation. We are no pleader for Governor Ordway. We never saw the governor, nor does he know that we were ever born, but we have some pride in the great territory of Dakota—a territory grand enough in its boundaries, its rivers, its cities and resources to be a kingdom by itself—and you may feel assured that we speak the sentiments of the class of citizens who have come to Dakota for a home, and as for that class who are simply adventurers, we have nothing in common."

FOR some time there has been a feeling among the newspaper publishers of the northwest who are members of the Western Associated Press that the telegraphic service is not what it should be. Mr. A. E. Chantler, of St. Paul, who does special work for several papers outside of the Associated Press in the northwest, and who is the agent of the United Press Association at St. Paul, learned of this dissatisfaction and thought to take advantage of it by calling a meeting of the newspaper publishers and if possible by promises of better service induce present members of the Western Associated Press to join the ranks of the United.

The meeting was held at Fargo Tuesday. There were present Richard Smith, Jr., the St. Paul manager of the Western Associated Press; M. H. Jewell, of the Bismarck TRIBUNE; A. E. Chantler, of the St. Paul Sunday Herald, and St. Paul agent of the United Press Association; Smith B. Hall, of the Fergus Falls Telegram; George B. Winship, of the Grand Forks Herald; Charles Richardson, of the Valley City Times; W. H. Burke, of the Jamestown Capital; H. M. Hill, of the Brainerd Tribune; G. P. Gardner, of the Wahpeton Times; J. H. Long, of the Fergus Falls Journal; Dr. Hall, of the Fargo Republican; H. O. Plumley, of the Argus, and C. E. Foote, of the Moorhead News.

Of the above newspapers represented

the St. Paul Sunday Herald, Jamestown Capital, Brainerd Tribune, Wahpeton Times, Fergus Falls Times, and Moorhead News were not members of the Western Associated Press. Mr. Winship, of the Grand Forks Herald, and Mr. Richardson, of the Valley City Times, had, until recently, been receiving the news furnished by the Western Associated Press, but the expense at present was more than the business of the papers would warrant. They had received Mr. Chantler's circulars, and were led to believe that a better quality of news and at less expense could be obtained through him than by the Western Associated Press.

Mr. Smith, St. Paul agent of the Western Associated Press, was in Fargo on the day of the meeting, for the purpose of learning the complaints and wants of those being served by him, and if possible, act upon their suggestions in the betterment of the service.

Mr. Jewell, of the Bismarck TRIBUNE, stated to the meeting that he believed that the absence of northwestern news in the reports sent out by the Western Associated Press was largely the fault of the members of the association in the northwest, who failed to send the news of their respective localities to Mr. Smith at St. Paul for general distribution. He believed that the Western Associated Press was a much stronger and better association than any other that could be found, and he was satisfied, if the present grievances were placed before General Manager William Henry Smith, of Chicago, that gentleman would pay them the attention required. Mr. Jewell believed that the work of collecting news in St. Paul and Minneapolis which would be of interest to the members of the association, and the culling out of the unimportant dispatches from the eastern press, thus giving the papers of this section the cream of the news of the day, was too much for one man to attend to with credit to himself and satisfaction to the newspapers. He thought the services of a man familiar with the people of this region should be secured to assist Mr. Smith in his duties, and believed that a concerted action of the members of the Western Associated Press would bring about this improvement, in which event the service would be highly satisfactory to all.

The members of the Western Associated Press present at the meeting, with the exception of Mr. Richardson, of the Valley City Times, were of the same opinion, and they therefore withdrew from the meeting and left Mr. Chantler and his friends to discuss their own affairs.

It seems likely that, if the needs of the northwestern members of the Western Associated Press are recognized, the United Press Association will receive but a small following in this region. Readers of the telegraphic columns of the daily papers in the northwest will soon recognize the benefit following Tuesday's meeting at Fargo.

THE climate of Dakota is a subject upon which every resident of the territory will dwell with words of unstinted commendation, and visitors to our broad and fruitful land will sing the praises of our balmy breezes, sunny skies and life-giving air in rapturous measures. The old and ridiculous fallacy that Dakota is a land of blizzards and the birthplace of cyclones has been exploded and the true nature of the weather with which we are ever blessed is fast becoming known all over the land. A short time since Mr. W. P. Miller, a gentleman whose home is in Colorado, visited our territory and after his return to Denver published the following words of truth regarding our climate: "We were pleased with all the people we met; wide awake, intelligent, friendly. The sun never shown brighter, the air was never softer, nor the sky bluer or clearer, even in Colorado, than it was there. The enthusiasm of all the people for the country began to creep over me early in the day, and before night I had it bad. Illinois never saw such a day, and outside of the northwest and the west you will never see another. He who has breathed mountain air as long as I have cannot help surrendering his heart to the glorious atmosphere, pure and invigorating, with which Dakota is blessed. There is joy in every breath, and until you have tasted it you don't know what it is. It is just as good as that which we have in Colorado, and of no other country that I have ever seen can I say that. I put in the time that day to good advantage. I hunted high and low for a man or child to speak a word against the country or grumble at the climate, but I failed to find them."

It is not a rare occurrence for the TRIBUNE to receive an eastern paper containing a letter from some shiftless, improvident settler decrying Dakota. But a few days since a Chicago journal contained a communication from a man in a southern county calling upon the mayor of that city for aid to put him through the winter, and in the letter he took occasion to hurl vituperation at the territory in no homied terms.

Such men would be unable to secure the necessities of life in any country under the sun. If the writer of the letter could be traced up it would be safe to wager the best farm in the territory against a penny whistle that he would be found to be idle, indolent, shiftless, and from his very nature incapable of making a living. We probably have in

Burleigh county some as poor families as there are in the territory, and yet every one of them possessing health is living comfortably, and living in bright anticipation of the prosperity which they know the future has in store for them. They are never heard of appealing for public aid, and if some of them are obliged to live more plainly than they wish they attribute the cause to the proper source and do not hurl anathemas at the country. It sometimes happens that families emigrate to the west late in the fall and without any provision being made for the winter, and in such cases they may be called upon to endure privations that would not have fallen upon them had they exercised a little common sense and mature judgment in laying their plans. This is not a land where dollars grow on bushes and wealth is waited for the eager waiters on each passing breeze, but it is a land of productive soil that lies ready to bless with wealth and plenty all who will till it properly, and whose foresight has brought them here provided with all that is necessary to keep them until the harvest yields up its golden treasure. Croakers curse us with their presence yearly. They come here expecting to get rich in a few months, and when they find that they must amass wealth here as elsewhere, by labor and industry, they send letters back to their former homes, crying down the country, and soon confer a lasting and wished-for blessing upon us by packing up their scanty baggage and returning to the east. Such croakers are not wanted here. We want men of muscle and industry, who realize that riches come not at the mere asking, and to all such we confidently promise prosperity and comfort, such as they can never acquire in the older states. As rich soil as ever blessed with plenty the efforts of the husbandman lies here outstretched like a great empire awaiting occupancy, and it will yield up its treasures in bountiful liberality to all who will encourage it to do so.

The sacred realm of heaven itself is decried by some, and we cannot expect Dakota to share a different fate. It is gratifying to state that these croakers are few and widely scattered, and that the great masses of those who have come here to dwell among us, are more than satisfied with their lot, and are thankful for the influence that led them to the great land of promise. They are prosperous and happy, and are yearly adding to their wealth. They see nothing but bright and propitious skies in the future, and wonder among themselves how the eyes of these malcontents can be so strangely eclipsed.

For a few moments yesterday the people along a portion of Main street thought a shower of pork was falling, and various theories were advanced as to the causes of the remarkable phenomena. Some argued that a hired emissary of the German prince had exploded a large quantity of dynamite in the Chicago stock yards, some that an earthquake in the moon had demolished a pork packing house and spilled it over into space, and others that the hogs were sent from heaven as manna—as it were—for the Dakota croakers who were too lazy or shiftless to provide for winter while it was yet fall. The true solution of the seeming mystery was soon apparent.

It seems that Joe Deitrich was coming along Main street with a wagon loaded with dressed hogs. Just ahead of him a team attached to a load of hay started to run away and Joe thought that he could overtake the unruly horses, drive in ahead of them and check them in their mad career. He whipped his team into a keen run, and just then the shower of pork commenced. The faster he drove the faster the hogs fell until a large portion of the street was paved with the pale, cold remains of recent eminent and influential porkers. The air was filled with clammy chunks of sixteen-cent pork and fleeting clouds of wild hog, mixed with the wakening echoes of horses' hoofs and wild Dakota profanity. Deitrich finally headed off the fugitive animals and turned back to look after his pork interests and so succeeded in collecting the unobtrusive remains and reloading them, but the vivid language he turned adrift will return not to him on the incoming tide. It is even now darting about the stars, planets and comets of the upper regions, frightening the very lightning into fits.

BILL NYE knows newspaper men so well that he can tell one of them by the back in a crowded thoroughfare, and in his description of what an editor should be he says: "The successful editor, to begin with, should be himself a printer; should not be afraid to tell the truth, yet not unwilling to lie for the good that may come of it; must be a man of peace, yet ready to fight when the chip falls from his shoulder; must be positive in his opinions, yet not too busy in proclaiming them; may speak with the tongue of a blackguard if he likes, but write with the pen of a preacher; must sit upon the upstart and lend a hand to the modest and worthy; must know a deadbeat by instinct, yet never offend the reliable by doubt; must have a public spirit that covers the state, but see to it that his own fences are kept in repair; must walk in the sunshine, but must welcome the shadow when it falls on him; must be a solon, a hero, a patriot, and, above all, a philosopher and stoic of the modern pattern; in short and in fact, must be an epitome of those qualities which make men in other callings wealthy and famous. But he must be content to sow that others may reap; to find reward for toil in an appreciation that is born after he is dead. When he is dead his monument will be a sigh."

SUSAN B. ANTHONY is as mad as a moist hen. The Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette published two wood cuts, one each of the fair Susan and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and one who has seen them says they were ugly enough to send a thermometer down into the thirties. They fell into Susan's hands and she wrote the good Deacon Smith a letter that caused his bald head to turn pale in a single minute. She says she doesn't claim to be a professional beauty and doesn't possess the attractiveness of person

she did when a blooming, budding girl, away back in the almost forgotten dim and shadowy past, but she doesn't want the world to think she bears a resemblance to a consumptive orang-outang wrestling with a hard and inclement winter. She says that much of the bloom has faded from her cheeks and much of the hair has faded from her head, but there's enough of her left to mep the whole Ohio valley with the editor's terror-stricken remains. Mrs. Stanton is yet to hear from, and in the meantime the deacon has gone over into the wilds of Kentucky until the cyclone has spent its force.

THE Manitoba road has published 40,000 copies of a pamphlet on North Dakota, chiefly devoted, however, to that section of the country along its lines of railroad. It is designed for free circulation. It would be well for other railroads which now reach or propose to reach this section to follow the example of the Manitoba road. This road is now receiving an average of 3,000 letters of inquiry a month regarding Dakota. This indicates an enormous emigration the coming spring.

RIVER men are predicting an unusually heavy up-river business the coming season and are putting their craft in trim to meet it. There can be no doubt of the fact that every boat in the different lines will have all the freight and passenger trade they can handle. Indeed, it is predicted that several additional boats must be put on to accommodate the largely increased traffic. The landing is being put in first-class condition in readiness for the opening of the season.

THE TRIBUNE acknowledges with pleasure the receipt of the St. Louis Illustrated Magazine, a monthly publication with Alex. De Menil, a humorist quite well known to fame and to fortune, at the helm. The magazine is beautiful typographically, and editorially shines like a star of the first magnitude. Its pages are pregnant with sketches, poems, witticisms, scientific draughts in homeopathic doses, and sound editorial matter, and all for \$1.50 a year. Its gifted editor used to be a lawyer, but this should not be laid up against him. He has reformed and is now trying to do better.

THE Duluth Tribune, one of the new northwest's most staunch and meritorious journals, evolves this sensible thought: "If Dakota, Montana and Washington territories were all admitted by this congress, it would have the proud record of having opened the way to statehood of three of the most worthy applicants for admission that ever knocked at the doors of congress."

THE fashion information comes borne to us in the starting columns of eastern publications that dudes are having their coats, vests and shirts cut very decollete in order to show off their sweet necks and charms of aesthetic bosom. If the fool-kisser ever gets around again and attends to business as he should do, the cities of the east will be painted a pale blue with dudish gore.

A WISE and reverend seignor who is clothed in the ermine of a supreme judge in the Sacker State has ruled that if a man becomes intoxicated from three to five times in two years he is an habitual drunkard. He would even shut off some of the legal holiday drunks with this limit. It is hoped the defense will carry the case to a higher court.

THE Park. Livingston Enterprise: "The government work will be suspended in the National park on the 20th. Work will be resumed as soon as congress decides what amount shall be expended in the park of parks and the wonder of wonders of the nation of nations. Lieutenant Kingman, park engineer, estimates that \$150,000 will construct a double-track wagon road around the park from and to Mammoth Hot Springs by the way of Norris' basin, Upper Geyser basin, Yellowstone lake and the Grand falls. When this road is completed other roads will be needed to new and undiscovered portions of the park. There are more than one hundred and fifty objects of wonder and beauty at the springs, of which tourists seldom see more than twenty-five. The reason is because there are no well-marked pathways and finger boards pointing the way to innumerable caves, pools, subterranean chambers, pulsating geysers and terraces, all more marvelous than the wildest imagination can conceive or the most eloquent tongue or pen describe."

THE Money Market. Mayor Raymond during his eastern trip often felt of the financial pulse, and gathered many facts of general interest. He reports that money is very plenty in the east and it is the prevailing timidity and general fear of a panic that makes hard times. While there is as much or more money than usual the people who control it will not let it go except upon the very best of security. As an illustration, last year a borrower could secure ninety per cent of the face value of par stocks, while at present the money loaners will not give sixty per cent of the face value where par stocks are offered for security. There is a general shrinkage in all values and security that was freely taken a year ago is now absolutely refused. Confidence will again be restored in time, values will increase and the whole country will be better off for the temporary depression.

THE New York Morning Journal has acquired a wonderful circulation during its brief period of existence. Tom Crystal, the life of the paper, is as bright as his name would indicate, and his sharp, pungent sayings have pushed the paper to an enviable position in the front rank. Neither alum or ammonia are natural products, and should not be used in articles for our daily food. Many of the baking powders in the market contain one or the other of these drugs, and that powder so extensively advertised as absolutely pure contains ammonia, while Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is free from both, being perfectly pure.

PETTIGREW, in an interview in Chicago on the subject of "Ordway," said the people of Dakota didn't care a continental whether the capital is at Bismarck or Yankton.