The Bismarck Tribune.

Capital City Chips.

Tonight the Governor's Guard ball will be the event at the armory.

C. B. William's new building on Third street will soon be entirely enclosed.

The Gen. Terry passed LeBeau yesterday at 1 p. m. on her way down river.

A number of the Dakota aborigines were in the city yesterday, paying their winter provisions.

Denny Hannifin struck the pathetic on election day. He said: "There are but few of us left. Only one Denny, and a number of kids." He was referring to Burleigh county democracy.

Linda, the youngest daughter of Dr. Slaughter, who has been lying at the point of death for nearly four weeks with typhoid fever, is now thought to be out of danger.

The bulletin announcing that Blaine was dying was the one which shook the American continent with fear and awful suspense yesterday, and in Bismarck the excitement was intense.

Yesterday morning democracy yelled
Aloud in a freak of delight;
Last evening their peace was most carefully held,
For their hopes were with Gilderoy's kite.

Pioneer Press: News was received yesterday at department headquarters at Fort Snelling that the authorities at the war department have determined to appoint Capt. S. E. Blunt, of the ordnance corps, inspector of rifle practice for army. Capt. Blunt has been on duty in the department of Dakota as chief ordnance officer nearly four years, and the selection is a deserved recognition of his efficiency and zeal. He is at present in Washington, and is expected home tomorrow to arrange for the transfer to his new station. His office will be at the headquarters of the army in Washington.

Personal.

H E. McGinness, of St. Paul, is in the city.

J. Smith, of Brainard, is registered at the Sheridan.

J. B. Bechtoll, of Chicago, is stopping at the Sheridan.

S. Mills, of Valley City, visited Bismarck yesterday.

T. W. Spear, of Casselton, arrived in the city yesterday.

B. P. Dey, of Chicago, arrived in the metropolis yesterday.

Peter Lamel left yesterday for his home at Green Bay, Wisconsin, to reside.

County Surveyor Geo. W. Lilly, of McIntosh county, arrived in the city yesterday.

C. H. Clague left for Cleveland, Ohio, yesterday, having received a telegram announcing the dangerous illness of his mother. He expects to be absent about a month.

We have no hesitation in recommending the "Garland Stoves and Ranges." Their high reputation for durability, economy of fuel, convenience and artistic finish stamps them as the best in the world. In is the constant aim of the manufacturers to make the very best stoves that can be produced. They are unrivalled.

Another Indian School.

The Pierre Press says: It may not be generally known, but it is expected to have an Indian training school established shortly on a portion of Pierre University grounds. A committee composed of gentlemen deeply and specially interested in the work among the Indians, two of the committee belonging in Montana, recommended that the proposed institution be put in the hands of the trustees of Pierre University, and the synod of Dakota endorsed the report. The plan is to give the Indians their elementary training in that school necessary to enter the lowest preparatory class in the college and then admit them fully into the main institution. It is believed that no difficulty will be experienced either in securing a good building for that special purpose, or funds to maintain the teachers necessary. The Indian ministers belonging to the Presbyterian church connected with the synod of Dakota and their reports of church work was one of the most interesting features of the meeting of that body at Huron two weeks ago.

Mustering the Veterans

The G. A. R. post of this city will be mustered next Thursday evening the 13th inst. All who have not already done so, and desire to become members, are requested to send in their names before or at that time, or to be present on the evening of muster. The following is a list of the names already enrolled:

Val. Schreck,	Thomas Welsch,
Wm. Gleason,	O W. Bennett,
E. N. Corey,	E. S. Pierce,
J. M. Reed,	Wm. Thompson,
E. R. Brown.	O. S. Goff,
Arthur Lynn,	C. A. Lounsberry,
W. H. Mercer,	W. S. Moorhouse,
D. O. Preston,	Thos. McGowen,
John Quinlan,	O. E. Southmayd,
John H Richards,	Dennis Hannifin,
John Little,	Sidney H Nichols,
Wm. Woods,	J W Raymond,
F J Call,	C S Weaver,
Robt Mason,	S G Smith,
S G Magill,	Alex Hughes,
J F Wallace,	Dr Bentley,
E M Fuller,	Robt Macnider,
Jos Hare,	H P Bogue.
W D Smith,	T J Lilly,
Michael Lane,	John Dolan,
John Conway,	L N Griffin,

The Champion

Mr. Fred Leshout is as fine a skater as ever glided on the rollers in the capital city. A large audience witnessed his splendid exhibition at the atheneum last evening, and the entertainment was especially enjoyed by the skatorial artists of the city. Mr. Leshout is the acknowledged champion of Michigan and he is well worthy the title. He has become a resident of Dakota, having established a rink in Devils Lake which he is now managing. The managers of the rink deserve a compliment for having secured so deserving an attraction. He goes from here to Mandan.

An Interesting Trip

A TRIBUNE representative returned yesterday from a journey south along the river bank as far as the new town of Winona, opposite Fort Yates. It is a delightful journey. Starting from Bismarck at sunrise the traveler rides over the beautiful prairie south of the city until he reaches the winding waters of fair Apple creek, where the splash of the kingfisher and the musical bob of the bobolink remind him of the poetical shady nook and sylvan grandeur. On Wednesday morning the first object of interest met with, was at Apple creek, where a tramp was found asleep with no covering save an overcoat, which he had thrown loosely over him. He was snoring soundly, and it was a ridiculous sight to see a man on a frosty morning reclining beneath the little clump of cottonwoods as if seeking their cooling shade on a sultry day. On inquiry it was discovered that the individual had just returned from the Coeur d'Alene mines. His name was John Ward, and the marks of a departed respectability were perceptible in his intelligent face and gentlemanly address. He very thankfully accepted a portion of the luncheon of the journalistic tourist, and said he would proceed to Bismarck where he would take a freight train for his home in Illinois. About fifteen miles southeast a prairie fire was encountered and the team scampered around in a circle, running into an unoccupied shack which was ablaze, and which soon disappeared into ashes. Twenty miles down the river the party of prospectors and miners who arrived in the city several days ago, and who are en route to New Orleans, were met with. They had landed and were preparing a late dinner. The boys, whose names were given in the TRIBUNE as Geo. Chapman, Geo. L. Wales, Charles Pillar, A. Corrigan, W. Scoville and L. F. Butler, were in the best of spirits and expected to get to New Orleans in safety. They had encountered but one snag and got away from it without injury. They said they would exhibit the the boat at the New Orleans exposition. Aside from these episodes the journey was made pleasant and interesting by the beautiful scenery of the Missouri river, and the hundreds of stacks of wheat and hay, and numerous comfortable, cozy farm houses, all indicating prosperity and happiness. Traveling through Emmons county a number of the farmers of that rich domain were conversed with and all spoke words of encouragement and cheer. At Williamsport the denizens of the metropolis were jubilant over their victory in the county seat contest, and many were the smiles. Arriving at Winona, a beautiful townsite was found on the east bank of the Missouri, opposite Fort Yates, with a number of neat, new buildings surrounded by a magnificent country which is being settled by an intelligent, thrifty class of people. The journey is one fraught with interesting episodes and encouraging surroundings, bringing as it does the grandeur and wealth of Dakota's free homes fully to view.

Will They Ever Tumble!

Will they ever tumble? Sometime, perhaps; maybe never. Tuesday was an eventful period for the "Reform" association of Bismarck. Early in the morning Jimmy Emmons got him from his slumbers and betook him to his office in the lumber district of east Main street armed with a bundle of kindling wood with which to remove the chill of the morn from the sacred center of reform. Jimmy is a man of deep meditation and oft in his wandering walk his head is bent forward, his eyes gaze intently at a given point a few feet and several inches ahead of the point marked by the toe of his boot. This was the attitude yesterday morning as he meandered slowly to his office. But he kept on walking until he had seen every board in the lumber yards, and found himself in the midst of the unfenced prairie. Then he bethought him that he might be asleep, but his arm was tried from carrying the kindling and he sat him down to rest. Still he thought he must be dreaming He pinched himself, squealed, spake a few short words in Sioux and started back in search of the "aboriginal" print shop over which he holds the justice sharpened point of the "reform" quill. After looking under all the boards and turning over the loose blocks of timber, he was about to abandon all hope of finding the office, when he stumbled against a pile of tumble weeds. Now did his eyes strike fire and snap, the kindling fell to the ground and the eminent reformer exclaimed Eureka! It was a ridiculous—a humorous sight. After wading through tumble weeds several feet he touched the side of his shack, and said unto himself "verily, verily, these are tumble weeds," and then he tumbled over to weep. All that was to be seen of the office was the little brick chimney which protruded from the weeds. Will they ever tumble?

Mercer County Complications.

The Mandan Pioneer of the 5th inst. says: A temporary injunction was obtained on Monday before Judge Francis, at Bismarck, by Messrs. Mitchell and McGindley, acting for Peter Causey, against the county commissioneas and county officers of Mercer county from counting the votes of Tuesday's election, and from declaring the county seat. On Saturday the case will be heard further and the defendants will be called upon to show cause why the injunction should not be made permanent.

The grounds on which the temporary injunction was obtained are briefly stated as follows:

The law provides that a petition praying the governor of the territory to organize a county and appoint commissioners must bear the names of at least fifty legal voters. The plaintiff claims that the petition presented to Governor Ordway in November, 1883, did not bear that number of legal voters, residing in that county, and that consequently said appointment of commissioners was not legal.

Then, again, one of the three men appointed to serve as a commissioner by Governor Ordway —Mr. Hawley—was a resident of Wisconsin at the time, and not a resident of Mercer county. In August, 1884, the three commissioners proceeded to appoint county officers, and these officers are made parties to the suit.

Then, again, the plaintiff claims that according to the law, as it at present stands, commissioners shall be elected by districts. Only two precincts have been voted in and only two have been advertised. Thus a compliance with the law in this regard is claimed to be impossible.

The injunction enjoins the county officers from counting the votes and sending an abstract to the secretary of state; also it enjoins them from advertising or declaring any place to be the county seat as the result of this election.

Deputy Sheriff Schallern, of Morton county, has gone to Stanton to serve the injunction on the county officers. The result of next Saturday's proceedings will be awaited with great interest.

The First Sleigh Ride.

There might be some pleasure in writing up a sleigh ride; indeed, there might be some pleasure in the ride—but for one fact—one obstacle; an obstacle which is enough to cause an angel's sacred tears to fall, and bring a fervent cowbow prayer to the lips of the most sanctified The writer started out last night to see the first sleighing party of the season. The bells were jingling their merriest song, the horses pranced proudly along, the occupants of the gliding vehicle wore a smile of the brightest hues, every thing was propitious for a good, long, dashing description of the first sleigh ride of the season, when a cloud of terror spread over the TRIBUNE office and the bright prospects were erased forever. Gentle voices were heard. Gentle, is it—every voice sounded like the roar of an approaching cyclone—the rustle of dresses in the front office and on the sidewalks sounded like the seething and whizzing of a pelting storm of hail and sleet, and a cold chill traveled noiselessly up and down the spinal column of every member of the staff. A solid phalanx of females, young, old, handsome and otherwise, extending, as near as could be ascertained, from the office to Capitol Hill, surged against the doors and windows, each holding aloft a piece of paper labeled "Beautiful Snow." The electric life preserver was touched by the devil at the rear of the office; all lights were instantly extinguished; some one had presence of mind enough to yell "Mice!" and a calamity was averted.

The Election.

Yesterday's election in the city and county passed off quietly—for a presidential year. As soon as the polls were opened the voters began to crowd around the court house and green houses, where the judges presided over the sacredness of the little box, and notaries were busy ticketing the freemen for the fray. Early in the day it was evident that Alexander McKenzie and the entire People's Ticket would poll nearly the entire vote of the city, and reports from the country were of a similar color. The scenes of the day in the city were not as exciting as many had predicted, owing, perhaps, to the onesidedness of the contest. Everybody was hurrahing for McKenzie and the People's Ticket, and the enthusiasm followed the great leader wherever he went. At the court house a few lively incidents broke the monotony of regular voting, among which was the arrest of two gentlemen of color for repeating, and a battle of words between a rustler for the reform ticket and a roustabout from the river ward.

In the evening the Garfield Light Guard band, followed by a procession of jubilant men, marched about the city in honor of the victory of the successful candidates, stopping to play for the crowds who gathered to read the bulletins which were displayed at various places.

The total number of votes polled was about 1,400.

THE VOTE IN THE CITY.

The following is the vote of the city as cast for the various candidates:

Total number of votes in the city—792.

PRECINCT 1, DISTRICT 1.

Total vote cast, 620.

Delegate—Gifford 508; Wilson 116.

Council—Nickens 537, Richardson 534, Bellows 81, Jones 79.

Representatives—Coe 539, Williams 615, Steele 507, Stevens 434, Goodrich 81, Smith 194, Valandingham 82.

Sheriff—McKenzie 500, Lounsberry 117.

Treasurer—Bell 399, Bragg 208.

Register—Richards 463, McLean 143.

Clerk of Court—Corey 415.

Probate Judge—Little 453, Gray 154.

Attorney—Stoyell 403, Hollembaek 205.

Superintendent of Schools—Winchester 615.

Assessor—Bowen 448, Yegen 169.

Surveyor—Heinze 608.

Coroner—Corson 403, Wheeler 208.

Justices—Hare 412, Correll 84.

Constables—McCue 401, O'Hearn 69.

Commissioner—Mellon 470, Waller 105.

PRECINCT 1, DISTRICT 2. (Greenhouse).

Total vote cast 172.

Delegate—Gifford, 144, Wilson, 25.

Council—Nickens, 146, Richardson, 144, Bellows, 23; Jones, 23.

Representatives—Coe, 148; Steele, 137; Stevens, 128; Williams, 167; Goodrich, 25; Smith, 41; Vallandigham, 23.

Sheriff—McKenzie, 120; Lounsberry, 48.

Treasurer—Bell, 109; Bragg, 59; Clausen, 1.

Register—Richards, 96; McLean, 59.

Clerk of court—Corey, 96.

Probate judge—Little, 104; Gray, 66,

Attorney—Hollembaek, 80; Stoyell, 87.

Superintendent of schools—Winchester, 169.

Justices—Ross, 53; Lambert, 65; Correll, 12.

Surveyor—Heinze, 166.

Commissioners—Fuller, 46; Waller, 11; Mellon, 14.

Constable—Francis. 45; O'Hearn, 11; Hannafin, 1; Stewart, 70.

Assessor—Yeagen, 57; Bowen, 112.

Coroner—Wheeler, 70; Corson, 99; Maratta, 1.

PARTIAL RETURNS FROM OUTSIDE PRECINCTS.

Precinct No. 2, District No. 1—(Beal) McKenzie, 32.

Precinct No. 3, District No. 1—(Fields) McKenzie, 30; Lounsberry, 2.

Precinct No. 5, District No. 1—(Hinckley) McKenzie, 26; Lounsberry, 2.

Precinct No. 1, District No. 2—(Greenhouse) McKenzie, 120; Lounsberry, 48.

Precinct No. 2, District No. 2—(Pollock) McKenzie, 14; Lounsberry, 4.

Precinct No. 3, District No. 2—(Wallace) McKenzie, 14; Lounsberry, 11.

Precinct No. 4, District No. 2—(Little's) McKenzie, 26, Lounsberry, none.

Precinct No. 5, District No. 2—(Menoken) McKenzie, 37; Lounsberry, 6.

Precinct No. 7, District No. 2—(Crum) McKenzie, 13; Lounsberry, 13.

The Democratic Display.

John R. Wilson, the democratic candidate for delegate to congress arrived in the city Sunday afternoon and was entertained in the evening by the leading democrats of the city. Yesterday morning Mr. Wilson met many of the citizens of Bismarck all of whom spoke in the highest terms of his personal qualities. The democratic standard bearer is a young man, tall, and slender, of good address and pleasing manner. The managers (?) of the democratic campaign in this section decided that Mr. Wilson could do more good for the cause by speaking in Mandan than by spending his strength in Bismarck, and he went to the west Missouri metropolis on yesterday noon's train, speaking there yesterday afternoon. But the boys in the capital city were not content with a mere visit and insisted on their candidate making a speech as the train went east last evening. They also wanted to warm the democratic blood in the city and to that end engaged the Garfield Light Guard band to parade the streets, and although nobody knew what the dod gasted noise was all about, they knew that it was getting forth into the ambient air, and it was good.

AT THE RINK

At 2 o'clock p. m. the band marched to the rink and Jimmy Emmons announced to six men, several boys and the musicians that Mr. Wilson would speak at the depot upon the arrival of the train from the west. Mr. Emmons took occasion to deliver a very bitter criticism on the action of the democracy of the city in not making a better showing, and paying more respect to their candidate, and predicted that they would [illegible] regret their [illegible]. From the rink the band [illegible]ed down [illegible] street to Third, north on Third to [illegible], east [illegible] Meigs to Fourth, where they serenaded Sam [illegible] and the entire Chinese laundry force, for the purpose, it is believed, of catching the olive-[illegible] celestial vote.

AT THE DEPOT.

When the train arrived the band played one of the favorite selections, at the close of which Mr. Emmons introduced the candidate, who delivered a very nicely worded little speech in which he said that he believed as sincerely as he believed that he was standing on the depot platform, that Grover Cleveland would be elected to the presidency today. This was the signal for the first demonstration of enthusiasm and several who were democrats mustered courage enough to cheer. Mr. Williams closed by thanking the audience and citizens of Bismarck for their kind reception, urged his fellow democrats to stand by the principles and cast their votes for the democratic candidates, and the train sailed out under the lively musical variations of Yankee Doodle.

The fact of the matter is, Mr. Wilson was not given a genuine Bismarck reception, and many of the leading democrats have asked the TRIBUNE to express their regrets.

Well Re-Warded.

The residence of L. N. Griffin was the scene of a very pleasant wedding last Saturday the fortunate parties being Mr. John W. Ward and Miss Fannie Lindsay, Rev. P. Clare, of the M. E. Church, officiating, at 8 o'clock. A number of the friends of the contracting parties had gathered to witness the wedding and confer their congratulations and kindest wishes on the happy pair, and they stood supported by Miss Belle Hanson, bridesmaid, and Henry Elder, groomsman, while Rev. Clare pronounced the words which made them one. As they arose from their seats the bride was presented with a very handsome bouquet, the delicate beauty of which was in keeping with the sweet modesty of the holder. The groom—well, he is always gallant, and he went through the ceremony like a major general on dress parade. After the couple had been united, a very elaborate lunch, consisting of the choicest cakes fruits, and wines, was served to the guests, and all joined in a merry season of congratulations and social chat. A number of very handsome presents were sent in by friends among them an elegant silver set and parlor settee by Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Griffin; bird and cage by Miss Alvina Griffin; table set by Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Griffin; hand some large wedding cake by Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Clarke: table spread, napkins, etc., by Henry Eldridge. Mr. T. W. Griffin made another very seasonable gift yesterday afternoon, by sending a large load of potatoes to the future home of the couple. Mr. and Mrs. Ward have both lived in Bismarck a number of years and will continue their residence among their capital city friends and well-wishers.

A Bad Row.

Mr. Charles O'Maher, who has been living on a claim in the north part of the county for several months, came to the city Tuesday and reported a very bitter and almost fatal fight between two laborers who stopped with him at his shack Monday night. The names of the men as given him are John Waine and C. N. Watts. These men said they had been to the Little Rockies, where they dropped all the money they had, and having come down a number of miles were fatigued and exhausted, and wanted a place to stay. Mr. O'Maher extended the hospitalities of the shack and they stopped with him during the night. Yesterday morning he was awakened by a noise, and arising, discovered that his guests were engaged in a bitter fight, Watts having Waine down on the floor, pounding him without mercy. Mr. O'Maher sprang to the floor and tried to separate the men when Watts struck him in the face, telling him to attend to his own affairs. It was several minutes before the brutal fellow's assault could be checked, and then he struggled to resume. The cause of the fight was a matter of long standing, which neither would divulge, and although they had been evidently traveling together for some time, they had not buried the jealousies and secret hatreds which led to the fight. Waine was so badly whipped that he could hardly stand, and it was several hours before he felt strong enough to walk. O'Maher pleaded with the pummeled man not to continue the journey in company with Watts, but, strange to say, Waine insisted on going, exposing an empty whisky bottle, saying. "this is the cause of the trouble, John is a good fellow when he's sober." Mr. O'Maher believes that the men are of bad character, and at first was of the opinion that they belonged to the gang of horse thieves who have infested the upper country for some time. Waine is a short, heavy set man, dark complexioned, with side whiskers and a scar over his left eye. Watts is slender, light complexioned, with moustache and chin whiskers. They left O'Maher's yesterday morning and are on their way south.

Battle of the Base Ball Bat.

A very serious and disgraceful Sunday night scene was that which attracted a crowd to the corner of Main and Second streets Sunday evening. It was the meeting of Mr. T. W. Collins and P. R. Smith in battle array, and great was the amount of blood spilt therein. How the quarrel started, what were the causes that led to it and whether the blame should be placed upon one shoulder or divived, is a problem difficult to solve. But there is one fact which works great damage to Mr. Smith, and leads the public to believe that he is to blame and that is his uncontrollable temper and harsh means of warfare. Pat always fights to win regardless of consequences. One thing is certain, Mr. Collins, who is known to be one of the most peaceable of citizens, now lies in his bedroom at the Banner house in a badly bruised and mangled condition. The stories of Mr. Collins and Mr. Smith differ somewhat.

MR. COLLINS' STORY.

A TRIBUNE representative called on Mr. Collins Monday morning and found him with his head and fingers bandaged and barely able to converse. He has ugly wounds on the forehead, nose, under lip and chin, and his teeth were knocked loose, while a piece of the jaw bone was taken out by the doctor. Mr. Collins said that the trouble started in a conversation about a young man named Gebhard, an account against whom had been placed in Mr. Collins hands for collection. Gebhard was a friend of Smith's. There was some difference of opinion in the settlement, and Sunday evening Smith stopped Collins, addressing him in an insulting manner. Mr. Collins admitted that in a fit of anger aroused by the gross insults heaped upon him he raised an iron bootjack, but says he did not strike Smith with it. At this Smith started for him, rushing into his office, coming out with a base ball club, with which he knocked Collins down The first blow dealt by Smith struck Mr. Collins' stiff hat just over the forehead, demorlizing the hat, and leaving wounds on the forehead and nose. The blow caused Mr. Collins to fall insensibly to the ground, striking his chin on the sidewalk with such force as to cut a large gash in his chin and lower lip, and loosened a number of teeth.

MR. SMITH'S STATEMENT.

Mr. Smith was found at the Sheridan House and the following interview ensued:

Rep.—Mr. Smith, what was the cause of the trouble between you and Mr. Collins Sunday evening?

Smith—Oh, nothing much. I simply asked him about a certain coat and he would give me no civil answer, telling me that if I wished to find the true ownership of the coat I could do so through the channels of the law. "The law' what do you know about law, you old cow," said I. "Do you mean to insult me," said he; "it's in the pasture with sheep ye ought to be," said I. At that he struck me with an iron boot jack and I gave it to him with the ball club.

Here Mr. Smith showed a large wound on the top of his head, which he said was inflicted by the iron bootjack in the hands of Mr. Collins. These are the stories as told by the participants in what came very near being a bloody tragedy.

Mr. Collins is in a very painful condition, but there is not, as was first thought, anything fatal in his wounds. It is believed that Mr. Smith will be arrested and made to answer to the charge of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill or do great bodily harm.

Meeting of the Reform Association.

There were three soft, measured raps on the door. A hoarse whisper from within said "who comes there?" "An honorable member of the Burleigh county reform association—one of the framers of the Citizens' Reform Ticket, now known by the euphoneous title of 'Independent Citizen's'" was the answer. This was sufficient. The inside guard oped the door and thrusting a dark lantern before the face of the candidate for admittance, gave him a scrutinizing stare, said "all's well," grabbed him by the coat collar, hurled him in among the vacant seats and locked the door.

The reporter had secured a safe hiding place where he might get a full report of the proceedings and listen to the burning apostrophes of the reformers. As the door would open he could see within and read the mottoes, which were profuse.

Just over the door were the words in letters of crimson hue, "Down with McKenzie;" a little further in the room, and suspended from the ceiling, was "The Capitol is a Ghost." While on the opposite wall was the following significant inscription: "Progress must cease, or we are crushed—We'll grasp the helm or stop the wheels." On the wall were large life-sized portraits of Belva Lockwood, Dr. Mary Walker, George Francis Train, Oscar Wilde and other eminent reformers, and the room had a general air of freshness which proved the absence of the vulgar throng. 'Twas eight o'clock, and the chairman brought the gavel down on an empty cigar box, calling the convention to order in a speech which held the closest attention and study of the hearers—and then they even took large chunks of it home to ponder over and unravel. The president of the association is Mr. W. E. Wright, and in calling the meeting to order he said: "Fellow propagators of ascending truth [excuse the vulgar phrase, 'truth'] we have congregated as a band of champions brave [applause] in this mediterraneous megapolis, [cheers] caressed by the ultramontane zephyrs which are ever wafted in the transcendancy of the transitory atmospherical combinations of northwestern existence. [Silence and awe]. We want. We desire! [More applause.] We d—e—m—a—n—d R—r—r—e—f—o—r—m!! [Painful suspense while the speaker drinks.] Here, gentlemen; here, where the aurora borealic brilliancy oft illumines the solemn cathedral of frowning night [applause—Col. Lounsberry smashing the desk with a stove poker.] Here, I say, in this locality, with these conditions and environments we demand the total and instantaneous evaporation of the circularly inclined political enigma commonly called a ring. (Jimmy Emmons, cheers and faints). The members, the component factors of this ring have, during the past, injured us—w-r-o-n-ged us, taxpayers, and now we must make them lose their damnable grip —Damnum, absque injuria—

Jimmy Emmons (recovering)—Yes, damnum; they can't absquatulate or injure us longer.

Major Fonda—Mr. Emmons, if you don't stop your interruptions I will ab-squet on you!—

Colonel Lounsberry—Peace, brethren, peace.

During the interruption in the speech, L. O. Wilson continued to applaud with a barrel stave, wholly unconscious of what was happening.

Wright—Gentlemen, we have among us a person of stately mein, and mastodontic proportions, who, by the way, has consulted the modern sibyls on questions of importance grave, and he it is who can assume the paternity of our ticket, and he, gentlemen, is one of the few who have resided in the Missouri inclination of the surface for many years without gathering corruption; for which, Gloria Patri—

Jimmy Emmons—Yes, hurrah for Patrick—I'm a dynamiter meself. (Here another scene of confusion ensued), after which the chairman announced that the meeting was ready for business, and Jimmy insisted on speaking.

Gents: How!—Excuse me, (then he laughed—did you ever see Jimmy laugh?) I can't talk much English, but I'm a dandy on Indian. (Applause by Major Fonda.) Chi, cooley, chi, wha-nannie-she-shik. (Roars of thunderous laughter). Oh, I'm a daisy on the aborginal question. My motto is, "Down with the Ring." Now I could tell you my opinions in Indian in a manner more proper, but I see I must come down to a level with my audience. Look at this town, gentlemen, look at it! (Applause). Look at me! (Cheers and waving of hats). Two years ago I was a proud and generous boomer, I had dead loads of chink, put up magnificent mansions. (Applause) Today I can't get my hair cut. (Sobs). But I choke for language. Oh, that I could ring in my Indian snap on you! (Here Colonel Lounsberry pulled the speaker's coat tail and with a scowl shook his head). Oh, yes. There is a point I wish to make right here for the sake of harmony. One favorite name shall forever be stricken from my Sioux lexicon, and that is, "Shot-in-the hump." (Three cheers proposed by C. A. Lounsberry). I have forgotten the phrase forever. I got a good word the other day, I sent to Standing Rock for it, through the TRIBUNE'S telephone—"Tras," meaning gall.

Major Fonda—Your'e "taxing" us too gol-darn much now. (The major was stricken simultaneously by four different chairs).

Jimmy said that as he was for harmony, he would leave the floor to Colonel Lounsberry. The colonel arose and said:

Beloved ones—I started into this kind of a deal two years ago and won. (Applause) I will win again. As you see by the Journal I believe in the office seeking the man instead of the man the office. (Applause). Did you ever know me to seek an office? (Silence). Never! N-e-v-e-r! I was in the union army (Cheers). I fought, I bled; all for my country. Did I ask for office? Nay True, I am postmaster; but did I ask for it? Nixie, no. Knowing my admirable qualifications, congress and the president imposed of me to accept the appointment. My name was mentioned for the governorship last winter. Do you for a moment think that I stooped to ask for the appointment. Ten thousand times nay! (Applause). I might have taken the place as an accommodation had the proper petitions been sent me from congress and the president. And now, gentlemen, I would not ask for this office of sheriff (Rousing hussas). I would not have been a candidate but for the earnest supplications of my friends—the dear people—and my earnest desire to serve my country well. I might speak of my war record, but time prevents.

When the colonel took his seat the entire convention, five in number, arose and cheered for seventeen consecutive minutes.

L. O. Wilson next spoke, representing the tax payers, and his remarks brought tears to the eyes of all who heard him; but great was the rejoicing when he resumed his seat.

Mr. Wright was called for again and responding, said:

Gentlemen:—The chirographic handiwork is on the wall. McKenzie and the ring must go. These men are not fit to rule the destinies of a great country. They are not properly refined; they knoweth not fustian from velvet. The present political status of the county is a heterogeneous malconformation (applause), and we champions of milleniumism must struggle in the mobilization of our forces. Here I might say—but let me consult Mnemosyne—Ah, I have it—Dabit Deus his quoque finem—

Jimmy Emmons—I object to the chairman's profanity—

Wright—And upon their cemetery gate we'll write, Hic jacet corruption. We have them on the hip. They are hors de combat.

At this point Jimmy became uncontrollable and said he believed the speaker was full. He had just said, Damit do you spose his quakers will find him, just like a man who had a bad cold, and now he gives us the hicoough racket, and calls for a horse to combat.

From this time on the convention of five was one of the most intense confusion, and they adjourned amid cries of order and cheers for reform. They will meet again Tuesday evening, when there will be less applause and more sobs.

Golden Honors in Far Off India.

The Englishman, an influential journal published in Calcutta, in an article relating to the award of premiums at the International Exhibition, to exhibitors, makes the following reference to the gold medal awarded to St. Jacobs Oil: "St. Jacobs Oil, which is known as the Great German Remedy for pain, after crucial tests, has been raised to the degree of gold medal.'"

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[First Publication Nov. 7, 1884.]

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

LAND OFFICE AT BISMARCK, D. T., October 28, 1884.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at Bismarck, D. T., on the 17th day of December, 1884, viz:

Oliver Peterson,

for the se¼ of sec 26, tp 142. r 81 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: S. A. Peterson, Gus. Johnson, C. Damstrom, E. Danielson, all of Painted Woods, D. T.

J. A. REA, Register.

HAIGHT & LITTLE, Att'ys for Claimant. 23.28

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