

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY M. H. JEWELL.

THE DAKOTA LEGISLATURE.

The coming session of the Dakota Legislature promises to be an interesting one, and Lawyers, County Officials, Business Men and others throughout the Territory will be especially interested in the daily proceedings.

A MAN named Mills, who hails from Detroit, where 10,000 men have recently been thrown out of employment, takes occasion to slander Dakota in an interview with the Detroit News.

CHAIRMAN NEAL, of the Burleigh county board, and Chairman Boley, of Morton county, have received letters from the officers appointed at the meetings of the commissioners of the various counties in the territory, held last summer, asking if it would not be advisable to hold a special meeting of the association at Bismarck during the session of the legislature next month.

THE fatigue of a hundred hard fought battles seemed to have little effect upon the constitution of that old hero, General Grant, but it is said that since his financial troubles, age is beginning to tell upon him.

ACCORDING to the Black Hills Times the legislature at its coming session will be petitioned to repeal the bill passed two years ago for the creation of Butte county and for the restoration of Lawrence and Mandan counties as they originally existed.

THE Spearfish Register wants the capital moved back to Yankton and an investigating committee appointed. As an "investigating" committee has recently reported adversely to one of Yankton's foremost citizens, District Attorney Hugh J. Campbell, the people of the recent capital will hardly take kindly to the suggestion of the Register.

SENATOR BAYARD is to have the treasury portfolio. If Cleveland selects a cabinet throughout of such material, the country is in no danger, and that \$50,000 surplus in the New York banks will gradually be transferred to western investments.

THE Parker New Era speaks of a natural curiosity in the shape of a two-headed calf being left at that office. It is supposed to be an Indiana editor, but the identification is not yet complete.

THE Canton News, the editor of which, according to the Yankton Press and Da-

kotaian, is one of those Bismarck ring fellows, is becoming Mark Ward for speaker of the house.

THE Sioux Falls Leader on division: It is too late in the day to indulge in fiddle-dee-dee about another constitutional convention. Paradoxically speaking, it is also too soon. South Dakota has had enough of that kind of fiddle-dee. That is the first great step; and that is enough, so long as it is unaccomplished. When that is done, the next thing will be something else. It will do to waste ink about our sovereign rights, and it will look well enough on paper, to resolve that, by the great horn spoon, we are a state. Ink is a very harmless substitute for gore, and the drama of "Seven Buckets of Blood" is amusing at any time; but that drama is played out in Dakota. It will require united energy to do one thing this winter, and we shall be fortunate if we do that, notwithstanding that failure can be solely in consequence of congressional disregard of the very principles upon which this government is founded; we shall do remarkably well if we persuade congress to divide the territory on the 46th parallel of latitude. To interpose constitutional conventions, or declamatory slush, or Hugh-Campbellian mugwumpism, between the one great object and success, would be to cut off South Dakota's nose to spite her face.

A WASHINGTON dispatch dated the 11th inst., says: "It is understood that the report made last month by Ex-Congressman Boteler and District Attorney Haight, of Georgia, in the matter of charges filed in the attorney general's office by Governor Ordway, against District Attorney Campbell, of Dakota, was adverse to Campbell and sustained Governor Ordway's specification of malicious prosecution and reckless and unnecessary expenditure of public money for that purpose. Messrs. Boteler and Haight went over the matter at Yankton and collected a great deal of evidence. Their report fills 300 pages. Attorney General Brewster went over this evidence thoroughly, as well as the digest of it prepared by Assistant Attorney General Phillips. The matter has therefore received the special personal attention of the attorney general, and his endorsement will undoubtedly be acted upon by the president."

A PIONEER PRESS Washington special, dated the 10th, in speaking of Senator Vest's opposition to the Dakota bill now before congress says: "A long remonstrance from Bismarck was sent up to the desk by the senator and read by the clerk. It was addressed to the question as to how Dakota's debt of \$400,000 was to be divided, and how her public buildings, territorial lands, etc., should be parted between the two proposed states." THE TRIBUNE has taken the trouble to inquire into this matter and finds that no such remonstrance has been sent from Bismarck, and no one in this city knows anything about it. A remonstrance may have been presented, but it is an injustice to Bismarck to say that it originated in this city. It is probable that the Pioneer Press is in error in this matter. In any event, the statement is absolutely false, and as the dispatch may be construed to mean that Bismarck is opposing division, and therefore place this community in a false light before the people of the territory, this emphatic denial of the birthplace of this "remonstrance" should be given the widespread circulation that the false statement has had.

THE Medora Stage and Forwarding company has been reorganized under the corporate laws of the territory, and the following officers elected: Directors—Marquis de Mores, William Van Driesche, Frank W. Allen. President, Marquis de Mores; treasurer, William Van Driesche, general manager, W. D. Simpson; secretary, A. T. Packard; auditor and agent at Medora, J. C. Fisher, agent at Deadwood, John A. Gaston. The Northern Pacific has made rates over the new line, and as it is the shortest and best route to the Black Hills, must soon become the popular line. The company should see that the members of the legislature from the Hills region come to Bismarck by this route.

SPINK county stands second in the list of South Dakota counties casting a large number of votes at the recent election, and the Redfield Journal says, in its last issue, that no county in the territory stands so high in educational development. Notwithstanding all this, a little county seat fight breaks the county all up and demands the calling out of the territorial militia. It is now claimed the difficulty is over and the matter will be finally settled in the courts.

THE republicans have blundered in making the bill for the admission of Dakota as a state a political measure—that is, if they want to pass it. Such action is a challenge to the democrats to beat the bill, and they have the power to do it.

THE Buffalo Express, in which the above is found, is in error. It is the democrats who refuse to consider the bill, and simply for political reasons.

COL. LOUNSBERRY, in the Journal, says removals in office will not be made by the democrats except for "cause,"

whereupon the Fargo Democrat says: "This is the merest twaddle. It is true that removals will not probably be made except for cause, but the word 'cause' is extremely susceptible of a very broad construction."

THE report going the rounds of the press that the register of the Huron land office has skipped is not true. It is a brother of George B. Armstrong, who has been chief clerk in the office, who has gone to parts mysterious. George is a newspaper man, which is proof conclusive that he would not do such a thing.

THE Yankton Press and Dakotian speaks of Hon. George Rice, of Plandrau, in the Fifth district, as a candidate for speaker of the house. Mr. Rice was a member of the last house, and is said to be a bright and conscientious gentleman, understanding parliamentary tactics thoroughly. It is presumed that the Fifth district members will insist upon his accepting the position.

THE Yankton Press and Dakotian thinks that no one will believe but that District Attorney Hugh J. Campbell has, during his whole duty and nothing but his duty, no matter what investigating committees say or supreme courts decide. The P. & D.'s mode of reasoning is sadly off, or else it takes the people of Dakota for a lot of ignoramuses.

Who shall longer doubt the financial ability of woman? Belva Lockwood, though defeated in her presidential aspirations, came out of the canvass with a snug sum saved from the proceeds of her lectures and campaign speeches. What man was ever defeated for office and made money by the operation?

THE Jamestown Alert pays Judge Francis the following deserved compliment: "The charge to the jury by Judge Francis in the Magill murder case, published in last Sunday's Bismarck TRIBUNE, is eminently fair and impartial and is as fine a production of that character as we ever read."

THE editor of the Dawson Globe calls the editor of the Steele Herald the biggest liar on earth, and after mature deliberation the editor of the Herald attempts to prove that the Dawson paper should correct its report by excepting the editor of the Globe.

RAND, McNALLY & Co's Bankers Monthly, in view of his eminent fitness, suggests Lyman J. Gage, vice-president of the First National bank, Chicago, for secretary of the treasury. Besides being a good financier he was a strong Cleveland man.

THE Jordans who have heretofore been running the Fargo Republican as lessees, have managed to amass enough wealth to buy the institution, and by conducting a newspaper in its full meaning, hope to rise and prosper.

ONE month from tomorrow, January 13th, the Dakota legislature convenes at Bismarck, in the palatial new capitol building, presented by the enterprising citizens of Bismarck to the territory.

THE business houses of Yankton have signed an agreement to close their doors at 8 o'clock p. m. It must be a lonesome place down there now.

THE Yankton packing house devours 10,000 hogs a day, and it is claimed by many to be of more value to the town than the capital was.

THE commission of Neil Gilmore, the receiver of the Bismarck land office, dates from Dec. 4, although he was appointed in July last.

THE obscenity of the Steele Herald is so marked that the sensibilities of the editor of the Dawson Globe are actually shocked.

THE Dakota exemption law may need some revision, but the TRIBUNE is opposed to any sweeping change.

A "CONSUMMATE ASS" is the most complimentary thing the Jamestown Alert can say of Senator Vest.

MARTIN SULLIVAN, one of Grand Forks' popular business men, is a candidate for sergeant-at-arms of the territorial council. Mr. Sullivan is thoroughly competent, and has never yet failed in any political undertaking into which he has entered. He has many influential friends throughout the territory who are already active in his behalf, and even his opponents concede that his election is assured.

THE growth of Dakota is without any parallel in the history of the country. In 1871 only 4,500 acres of land were sold in the territory. The building of the Northern Pacific railroad opened the way to it in 1872, and 4,500,000 acres were sold. During the year ending with June last 11,082,815 acres of land were taken up.

PRESS AND DAKOTAIAN: Hon. George H. Hand, member of the commission to consider and equalize taxation in Dakota, will spend considerable time at Bismarck this winter in the interest of legislation suggested by the investigations of the commission.

CLEVERLY CAUGHT.

The Rich Man's Fear of Burglars—The Story of an Electrician

Buffalo, N. Y., Express.

At the dead of night, Mr. J. A. Anthony, a wholesale grocer of Troy, N. Y., was awakened by his burglar alarm annunciator, which told him that his house had been entered through the roof scuttle. He hastily dresses, rings for a policeman, hurries to the upper story, and hears the burglar in the servant's room, threatening her with instant death if she made a loud noise.

He was captured, convicted and sentenced to Sing Sing prison for ten years.

So said Mr. C. H. Westfall, the electrician of Westfield, N. Y., to our reporter.

"Do city residents generally use burglar alarms?"

"Yes, all first class houses are provided with them and I have never had any dissatisfaction from my customers, many of whom are the best known and wealthiest people of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other large cities.

"Do wealthy men have much fear of burglars?"

"As a rule, wealthy men do not keep valuables in their house, and yet they are not sure that they shall escape burglars attacks, and they don't feel secure without a first-class burglar alarm apparatus in their house. Every door, window and scuttle is connected with the annunciator, and it is quite impossible to effect an entrance without the fact becoming at once known."

"Don't electricians run considerable risk handling wires?"

"Even the most careful of them sometimes get a shock. A few years ago, while I was descending stairs at Elmira, N. Y., with a wire coil in my hand, I felt as if I had received the entire charge from the battery. For over a half hour I suffered the keenest agony. I did not know but what I had been fatally injured. After completing my business circuit, I returned to Boston, and for eighteen months did not get over the shock. I lost my appetite; all food tasted alike. I could not walk across the common without resting several times."

"My head whirled, and I reeled like a drunken man. I consulted the best physicians in a good many large cities, but none of them seemed to understand my case. About a year ago I was in Albany, and a physician there stated that I would probably not live three months. But today," said Mr. Westfall, and he straightened himself up with conscious pride, "so far as I know, I am in perfect health. I weigh 170 pounds, eat well, sleep well, feel well, and am well. One of my old physicians gave me a thorough examination a few weeks ago, and told me that I was in a perfect condition."

"You are a very fortunate man, sir," marked the scribe, "to have escaped instant death after an electrical shock."

"O, it was not electricity that prostrated me. It was a uremic convulsion. For all my physicians told me I was a victim of very serious kidney disorder. And when they and a dozen widely advertised medicines failed to benefit me, Warner's safe cure restored me to perfect health. That preparation is invaluable to every grade of society, for it is a priceless blessing."

"There is no need of death from handling electrical wires if the operators will exercise care. In our burglar alarm attachments there is no possible danger from that source."

GRAND FORKS PLAIND DEALER: The Dakota legislature will meet in the new capitol building at Bismarck next month and it is expected that the applicants for positions will take all the time the members have to spare for the first few days of the session.

LESS than twelve months ago Mrs. Hugh Blaine of Chattanooga, Tenn., gave birth to three children, all of whom are living and in good health. Now the same lady has given birth to two boys and a girl, making six children born to her in less than a year.

MRS. GENERAL CUSTER is said to have several times had the nape of her neck and side line of her head taken in photographs for admiring friends, who declare it to be of classic proportions rarely found except on a sculptured form.

JAMESTOWN ALERT: The Bismarck Tribune, with its usual enterprise, has provided itself with a corps of experienced reporters and will give its readers a complete and impartial report of the proceedings of the territorial legislature during the coming session of that body. The people will be supplied with better reports of the legislative proceedings this session than ever before.

MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE: It is with inconsolable sorrow that we announce the painful fact that Miss Mary Anderson is at last beginning to grow old. An English paper comes to hand with the painful, but we fear correct information, that Mary has passed her twentieth birthday. It is sad to think that one so fair, who has held the 19 record even for seven years, should at last begin to fade.

ELI PERKINS, the lecturer, has purchased four sections of land near Mitchell, and it is reported will spend his summers there.

THE ORCHESTRA.

A PEEP AT THE LITTLE ROOM UNDER THE STAGE.

Arrival of the Musicians—The Drummer and His Many-Sided Calling—The Trombone's Closet Skeleton—At Last the Leader.

[New York Times.]

Underneath the stage, a little to the right of the center, is a small room, to which entrance is effected by a wooden door. The furniture of the room consists of a wooden bench running along three sides, a rough wooden table in the center, and a few wooden chairs. A piece of cracked looking-glass hangs on the wall close to a flickering gas-light, encased in a wire netting, which does not aid its brilliancy. The side of the room which is not trimmed by the bench is provided with a large wooden closet, whose shelves are loaded with sheets of music and beer and stale tobacco. There is no ventilation save what comes through the door when it is open. Presently a footstep is heard and a man enters hastily. He throws off his overcoat, hangs up his hat, and mumbles something like an oath in very quick German. He is a short, thick-set man, with a sagacious countenance and a broad forehead that would do credit to a statesman. He unlocks the closet and begins to take down some of the music-books. This, then, is the gentleman whose life is spent in an earnest endeavor to knock the immortal soul out of the last drum. He likewise plays the tympani, or kettle drums, the snare drum, the triangle, the bell harmonica, the child's rattle, the baby squeak, the champagne popper, the railroad locomotive imitator, the telegraph tapper, and the dog dance-bloke; and he can, when soiled are to be tortured, extract misery from the xylophone. He is the axis of music—the acute accent of melody. He is likewise the librarian of the band.

He takes down the parts of the opera which is to be performed and also the score. Filing them up in his arms he ascends a short flight of wooden steps and crawls out of a little door which looks like the entrance to the caddy of a small yacht. He places each part upon its proper stand, (though he occasionally plays havoc with the first few bars of the overture by putting the first oboe's part on the first cornet's desk), and then deposits the score upon the leader's desk with a loud thump and a grunt of relief. Then he goes over to his own corner—the end of the orchestra on the right side of the audience—and examines his various instruments of torture. The snare drum is cranked up and the bass drum is placed in readiness for action. The wooden covers are removed from the tympani and laid away where they will not interfere with his exertions in the course of the evening. Then he dives down into the band room once more, and brings up his other instruments. This being a genuine comic opera, no baroque noises are admitted, so he brings up only the triangle and the bell harmonica. There is a sunset scene in the opera, and the composer has, of course, introduced the distant, rhythmic beat of the village chimes. The drummer, having placed these things in their proper places, disappears once more into a room. It is not a band room.

Presently another man enters the little room under the stage. He carries a fat, black case under his arm. He deposits the case on the table, and slowly unwinds a red worsted scarf from around his neck. Having unrolled some half-dozen yards, he folds it carefully, and inserts it in the inside breast pocket of his overcoat. Then he takes off his hat and hangs it on a hook in a corner. Next he slowly, and with many a grunt, divests himself of his overcoat, which he spreads upon the table, and carefully folds up, afterward laying it tenderly away on the top shelf of the closet. Then he produces from an inner pocket a pipe and a bag of tobacco. He fills the pipe, lights it, and sits down for a comfortable smoke. He is a thin, weak-looking man. Something appears to have been wasting his physical forces. His face is pinched and his neck is a mass of swollen veins and enlarged cords. Who is he? What is he? Presently he draws a piece of chamois skin from his pocket, and then opens the black case and brings forth his instrument. The secret is out! He plays the bass trombone.

"Poor fellow! He immediately gazes at the instrument and heaves a deep sigh. He is thinking, no doubt, of what might have been. He is suffering from the mental agony of a man who realizes too late he has chosen the wrong path in life. If he had only had some kind friend to advise him in his youth, some one to warn him of the pitfall into which he was walking, some one to tell him to choose the humble but cheerful province of a second flute player, with his piccolo by his side and his frequent intervals of semibreve rests; but alone in the world, in the blind and hissing of youth, he chose the less troublous and has ever since been slowly but surely allowing the breath out of his body and soul into eternity.

Then come the clarinet players, sleek, comfortable-looking fellows, who play a difficult instrument, but a satisfying one. For have they not solos of surpassing beauty and cadenzas of rare brilliancy to soothe them? And have they not, moreover, the deep satisfaction of playing in A. B. flat, or C. Next comes the oboe. He is another sad-eyed, melancholy wight. And well he may be. All his life he has been pursuing a fleeting shadow—pure, mellow tone. Vainly has he striven to find the soul of his instrument, but can not. He would be satisfied if he knew that his oboe had no soul, but alas! he has heard Eller.

The cornets soon drop in presumptuous, self-assured men. They know that they can drown out the rest of the orchestra, having frequently tested the power of their own structure. The first and second trombones, quiet and unobtrusive men; the second violins, sad and disappointed with life; the violas, ashamed of the inward consciousness that they cannot more than half play their own instruments and yet eager to shine forth in Berlioz's "Childe Harold" symphony; the cello, an artist and a wit; the horn, fearful of slips and reminiscent of that dread passage in the "Eroica," and the double bass, big and strong as an ox, all stroll in one by one as the hour of 8 approaches. The first violins, self-important, accomplished musicians, jovial companions, and marvelous consumers of beer, bounce in at almost the last minute and begin to crack jokes at the expense of the drummer, who has by this time returned. At the very last moment the conductor, who has tarried a few moments on the stage to call the tenor's attention to a sad blunder which he made on the previous night, rushes into the room and throws off his hat and overcoat.

The leader, in full evening dress, draws on his white gloves. At this moment a bell in the corner of the room is violently rung. The musicians rise, crawl out through their little door, and take their seats. The first cornet sounds his A, the clarionets and flutes do likewise, and forthwith, for a minute, there is a pandemonium of scraping, as the strings get themselves into tune. Then, as all settle back into silence, the leader issues from the little door and takes his seat. He raises his baton and taps sharply with it on his desk. Then he casts a glance around him to see if all are ready, and mumbles some German which, being translated, is: "Two in a bar, gentlemen." Then he taps again with the baton, and, raising it aloft, poises it over his head while he glances around at his men. Every bow is raised, every wind instrument is at its player's lip, and the drummer's sticks are elevated above the head of the larger kettle drum tassel in A. The leader's head lurches suddenly forward, his baton descends swiftly and emphatically, and all the instruments burst simultaneously into the grand tutti with which the overture begins.

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A NEW CREMATORY TEMPLE.

The Corner-Stone Laid and the Building To Be Ready in February.

Thirty men and two women climbed the muddy slopes of Mount Olivet, L. I., the other day, to lay the corner-stone of the new crematory temple. The structure was already finished to the ground level. On the occasion Professor Felix Adler, one of the directors in the new company, spoke of the sanitary benefits of incineration. Every time he went to the cemetery, he said, he was more and more impressed with the loathsome unhealthiness and decay consequent upon earth burial. It was productive of disease and pestilence. Professor Adler thought that poetic imagery had much to do with the tenacity with which men clung to the custom of putting their dead into the ground. Poets and singers referred to the grave as a place of rest, a bed of final repose, a place of shelter, thus throwing a false glamour over the hideous reality. Nowadays, he said, an aesthetic sense revolted against earth burial. Our bodies are the garments of intelligence, the homes of the spirit, and should not be permitted to rot in the ground. Speaking of the expressed fear that people might be cremated when life was in the body, he advised that an autopsy be held before incineration to satisfy doubting lawyers and physicians. For his part he had rather die under the knife than awaken underground. Taking a moral view of cremation, he thought it would be well to have the ashes of departed ones before us in churches, either in niches along the walls, or in a receptacle behind the altar, to remind us of the trusts we have inherited from past generations. Cremation would do away with all the gloomy blackness of the pall which now surrounds death.

With good luck the company expects to cremate its first body next February in the largest retort in America. It is improved in many respects over the Le Moyne furnace in Pennsylvania. Twenty dead bodies are now awaiting its completion to be reduced to ashes. The cost of cremation in each case will be from \$10 to \$25. The cost of the building will be about \$1,900. The land cost \$2,830.

The edifice is designed as a modified Grecian temple of brick and marble, forty by seventy-two feet. The basement will contain, in the rear, the furnace, which will be constructed chiefly of fire-brick, and will be adapted to coke, with a regenerator. The incinerating chamber will consist of retorts, which will exclude all fuel and flame from contact with the body, and from which the volatile products of the incineration will be carried into the furnace for recombination. Incineration will take place at a temperature of about 2,500 degrees Fahrenheit. It will require about forty minutes per 100 pounds of the subject, and will leave about 4 per cent in weight of a pure pearly ash. No smoke will be visible and no odor perceptible during incineration. The basement will also contain a refrigerarium, where bodies may be kept when desired awaiting the arrival of friends from a distance; also a callarium for cases of possibly suspended animation, the high temperature of which will induce speedy evidences of life or death, as the case may be. There will be, also, in the basement an adicularium, or urn room, and an atelier. This last will be used also for making autopsies, which will be required in all cases wherein it is not clear that death is not the result of natural causes.

The body of the building, or the ground floor, will be fitted up as a chapel, where any service desired may be held. In the central aisle of this chapel, directly in front of the lectern, will be a permanent catafalque, within which the body will be placed, and hidden from view by a pall falling from a frame above. Thence the body will descend by an elevator to the incinerating room, and the service and incineration will proceed simultaneously. The office and reception-rooms will be on the main floor, in front of the auditorium and on either side of the vestibule.

How Marriages are Made in Brittany.

(St. James' Gazette.) The Bretons of Penze and the adjoining parishes have, according to one of the French papers, a Michaelmas custom which renders them quite independent of the musical and terpsichorean aids to matrimony found so useful in Vienna. On Michaelmas Day all the young women in the district who desire to enter the married state assemble on a particular bridge, tricked out in all their finery, and take their seats on the parapet. The eligible young men from Penze and the neighboring parishes presently make their appearance on the scene. They scan the features of the seated damsels; tender glances are exchanged; and when at length a swain has fixed his choice on a particular nymph, he approaches her and offers her his hand to help her to the ground. If she accepts his hand for this particular service she accepts it for life. The parents are never very far off on these occasions, and if they have no objection, the young couple shake hands and the wedding soon follows.

The "Masher's" Roller-Skating Flirtation.

(Norristown Herald.) Lying on the right side, "My heart is at your feet." Lying on the left side, "I have money in bank." Standing on your nose, "I have no objection to a masher-in-law." Jumping on your skates, "I'm afraid I can't trust you." Lying on your back, "assist me." One leg in the air means, "catch me." One skate in your mouth, "crushed again." Hitting the back of your head with your heel, "I am gone." Suddenly placing your legs horizontally on the floor like the letter V, indicates, "I am paralyzed." A backward flip of the heels and sudden cohesion of the knees to the floor indicates, "may I skate the next music with you?"

An Ice Way to Do.

(Hawkinsville (Ga.) News.) A country dandy called on Warren Partin the other day for some ice, saying that the doctor had instructed him to procure the ice for his wife, who was very sick. The dandy only wanted one pound of ice, and on being told that such a small quantity could not be sold for less than 5 cents per pound, he departed, saying: "I can't pay that much for do ice, and if my ole 'oman can't git well widout it she m'd die, dat's all."