SIXTH WARD IS RADIANT

ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING TO RATIFY ELECTION OF MORIARTY AS ALDERMAN

OUTLINES HIS INTENTIONS

Proposes to Show His Constituents That a Man Can Be an Alderman, Yet Honest.

Though the Sixth ward Democracy gave place to no section of the party in the city in the recent election, it was seen at its best last night when 250 of the rank and file of the party gathered at Martin's hall to tender a reception to the alderman-elect from the Sixth, M. J. Moriarty. The event was as much a jollification over the results of the recent Democratic ticket as a demonstration in favor of the new alderman, who needed no endorsement. Speeches were made by prominent party workers in the Sixth and members of the city organization who took an active part in the ante-election contest. Colored musicians entertained with Southern melodies and rag-time oddities, and the event was pervaded with enthusiasm.

When Charlie McDonald, chairman of the ward organization, rapped for order, it was discovered that Mr. Moriarty had not arrived. A committee consisting of F. A. Kamman, M. J. Moran and W. C. Kammerer was immediately appointed as an escort of honor to produce the new member of the council, and while the crowd waited the colored men sang. Mr. Moriarty appeared in a few minutes with the escort and was given a magnificent ovation upon entering the hall. Cheers and applause were incessant, and when quiet was restored Chairman McDonald escorted the guest of honor to a seat on the platform, and in a complimentary address spoke of the appreciation of his fellow workers in the Sixth at the sight of an honest Democrat again representing the ward. In congratulating the new alderman-elect he said:

"Out of compliment to you for the notable victory achieved by the Democratic party in this ward, with you as its leader, the Democrats have seen fit to tender you this reception. (Applause.)

"It affords me great pleasure to have the honor of presenting to you the Democracy of the Sixth ward, as here assembled, and I feel that I am speaking entirely within bounds when I say that their presence indicates that your course in the council will be watched with admiration, as we have no doubt that your action in that body will always be on the correct side, which is another way of saying that the people of this ward will accord you the fullest support while handling their interests." (Cheers.)

Mr. Moriarty spoke in response with every indication of feeling. He expressed his appreciation of the magnificent support afforded his candidacy, and expressed heartfelt thanks for the indication of the respect in which he is held by his fellow citizens. He spoke somewhat at length of his views and political ambitions, stating that his eminent desire is to afford the Sixth honest and satisfactory representation in the board of aldermen, and to help his fellow Democrats, recently elected, in framing good laws for the government of the municipality. Said he:

"I had thought that the favor shown me when you sent me to a seat in the city council was all that a man of my plain ways and modest ambitions need expect at the hands of generous friends. It is not, therefore, easy for me to fully express the gratitude and pleasure I feel in this further evidence of your good will in gathering here. This being the first opportunity that has come since the election, I want to use it for the purpose of sincerely thanking the good people of the ward for their mark of good will and confidence in electing me to look after their public business, and I want to assure them that there is no possible condition that could lead me away from the strict performance of the duty which this trust imposes upon me. (Applause.)

"While I am in the act of expressing thanks to my party for the honor done me, I think it perfectly proper to state that to no section of the party is greater thanks due than to the German-speaking voters (cheers), and I wish to cheerfully testify that they most loyally and heartily supported my candidacy and the entire ticket, even in the face of those who would raise the race and creed issues. The only reply that I would hand to those who in a political contest try the foul tactics of setting element against element of our people in the vain hope of disrupting the Democracy—the natural party of the people—is that the people do not approve of the method, and will, I believe, persist in putting it down wherever its ugly head may appear (applause) so that their best energies may be bent toward producing a perfect government.

"Everywhere there is a strong suspicion in the public mind, amounting almost to a conviction, that a citizen can scarcely hold public office and remain morally clean. Now, while I admit that many questionable acts have been done by legislative bodies in many of our American towns, still I am not willing to concede that there can be no honest alderman, and it is my hope that the city council, of which I will have the honor to be a member, may show to the country that men may be city legislators and at the same time stand above reproach. (Cries "It will.")

"Although I am a strong party man, believing that those great national reforms or rather correction of abuses of government, which are being demanded by the people can come only through the free Democratic party as at present constituted, I desire to have it known by the people that I am not the servant of the Democrats alone, but of every citizen, and whenever any one with a legitimate cause may seek my services, he shall be politely and honestly dealt with whether he be the humblest among us or the highest or of the great mass between. My purpose is to obey the public, and not to command them. (Cheers.)

"Since the law makes political parties the chief instrument of government, we cannot escape partisanship in dealing out places in the public service, therefore I have no alternative but to say that my preference is for those who are most interested in the party welfare. There is another word that I would say on this score, and it is this: We have a superb party machine in the city and county organization, and my earnest wish is that every appointment made by Democratic administrations will be through the endorsement of appointees by that organization, so that the strength of Democratic persons may be welded into one strong body, which is certain to advance our cause in the approaching state and national and all subsequent elections.

"Before closing my remarks, I wish to congratulate the citizens upon the excellent set of officials that the last election has placed in control. Every one knows Robert A. Smith (cheers) and believes him to be an honest and capable man, as his previous record shows, and Mr. Betz and Mr. Bremer, while comparative strangers in politics, are sure of re-election, I believe, at the hands of their party after serving out their term.

"Friends, from these remarks you will be able to judge of my intended course in the council, and I promise you that when the pass comes where I cannot follow this course, I will resign my seat and give you a full statement of the reason that may prompt it." (Continued applause.)

The satisfaction of the city and county organization over the outcome of the campaign was expressed by its chairman, Humphrey Barton, who also took occasion to compliment the Sixth on its selection of a representative in the council. "It was with pleasure that I came across the river this evening," said he, "to join with you in extending a reception to Mr. Moriarty, and in giving expression to the keen satisfaction with which the party views its magnificent victory in the late contest. I congratulate the Sixth on its course in the campaign, and am sure that my expression of gratification at Mr. Moriarty's victory is no less mine than yours. I have known him for six years, and I, as well as those of you who have been actively associated with him, are proud of the endorsement which you have given him.

"I have nothing whatever to say against our opponents in the campaign. Our success was entirely due to our men and the excellent organization which backed them. Even the Republican press was unable to produce reasons why the ticket should not carry, which could not clearly be shown as inadequate and trivial. Reflecting then, on your recent achievement, you should look forward to the state, county and national contests in the fall with confidence. You elected a large portion of the city ticket, and if every Democrat fulfills his plain duty, success in the fall is already assured. Let us pride ourselves on what we have done, even in the face of tremendous opposition. Let us stand in the fall as we are now, united. Democrats have proved themselves better able than their opponents to care for the public welfare and to the party which can most successfully promote the public good, belongs support and the endorsement of every honest citizen. (Cheers.)

"We are now on a firm foundation. The city and county organization is in excellent shape, and the fall elections need nothing more at present than the determination of every Democrat to vote the straight ticket. The Sixth made a remarkable showing in the city election. The organization expects it to do as well in the fall. (Cries "It will.") Stand by the organization, carry out the plans which are being laid and we will be again victorious. The character of the party bespeaks nothing more than active and honest support."

Chairman McDonald introduced Louis Betz, comptroller-elect, with a reference to his fight against McCardy. A chance reference to the man who defeated the "watchdog of the treasury" evoked a whirlwind of cheers and applause. Mr. Betz spoke briefly, and with evident pleasure. "This is the first time in my life," said he, "that I have made a speech after election. This jollification and reception is entirely justified. There has been no time in recent history in St. Paul when a more fitting time for a demonstration of this character could have been found. (Applause.) The Sixth can be congratulated as well for her magnificent fight for the Democratic ticket, as for the tremendous majority which she turned in for the guest of the evening. Her record is one of which the party should be proud.

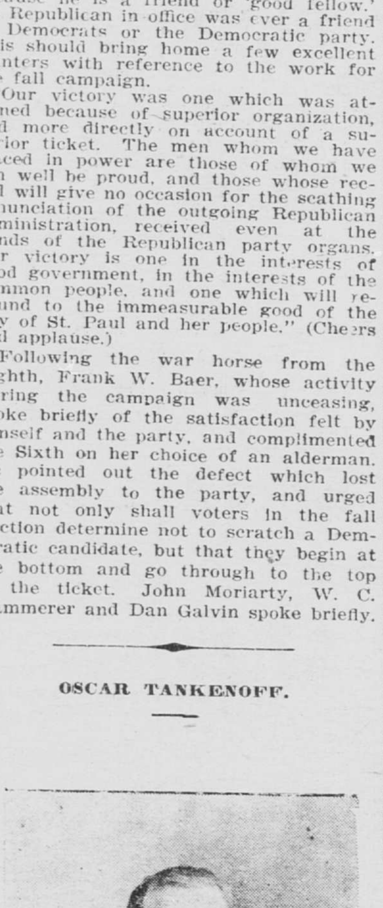
"There is but little which I can add to what has already been said. I am sure that Mr. Moriarty will be a different and more satisfactory alderman than the man who proceeded him. He will help make good laws for the city, attend to the interests of the Sixth, and, I am confident, make a record for himself and his constituents of which you will all be proud." (Applause.)

Another ovation greeted the announcement that Fred L. McGhee would pull a few eagle tail feathers. His address was entirely characteristic, humorous and to the point, with many a shoulder blow in the interests of the party. He spoke of the satisfaction with which he participated in the celebration of the Sixth's victory, and spoke earnestly of the need of continued activity and hard work for the success of the fall campaign. His appeal to the Democracy to stand together was not without a touch of humor, yet it was convincing and effective. Referring to the city election, he said: "Every victory brings with it a responsibility for the faithful discharge of the duties laid upon the victorious candidates. I trust that the Democracy will consider well the lesson which is placed before them in the assembly majority, and learn the fact that it does not do to vote for a Republican, even a Republican candidate for the assembly, simply because he is a friend or 'good fellow.' No Republican in office was ever a friend of Democrats or the Democratic party. This should bring home a few excellent pointers with reference to the work for the fall campaign.

"Our victory was one which was attained because of superior organization, and more directly on account of a superior ticket. The men whom we have placed in power are those of whom we can well be proud, and those whose record will give no occasion for the scathing denunciation of the outgoing Republican administration, received even at the hands of the Republican party organs. Our victory is one in the interests of good government, in the interests of the common people, and one which will redound to the immeasurable good of the city of St. Paul and her people." (Cheers and applause.)

Following the war horse from the Eighth, Frank W. Baer, whose activity during the campaign was unceasing, spoke briefly of the satisfaction felt by himself and the party, and complimented the Sixth on her choice of an alderman. He pointed out the defect which lost the assembly to the party, and urged that not only shall voters in the fall election determine not to scratch a Democratic candidate, but that they begin at the bottom and go through to the top of the ticket. John Moriarty, W. C. Kammerer and Dan Galvin spoke briefly.

OSCAR TANKENOFF.



One of the active workers in the ranks of Democracy, not only this spring, but for several campaigns past, was Oscar Tankenoff, and this popular leader of the Jewish people has excellent cause to feel proud of the vote given to Robert A. Smith and the Democratic ticket in those quarters where his fellows live, particularly as pretentious politicians who have for years been making a trading capital of their alleged influence with their racial brethren were this spring allied openly with the forces opposed to a clean city government.

Mr. Tankenoff has been prominent in municipal affairs for years and stands well with his neighbors, who know him to be earnest in advocacy of their best interests, quick to see in which or what direction they may be benefited, alert to discern the onslaught of an enemy. He is not only an influence among the voters, but his work is appreciated by the party leaders, both in the city and state.

FUNK'S FRIENDS HOPEFUL

CLAIM THEY WILL DIVIDE BLUE EARTH COUNTY DELEGATION WITH M'CLEARY

PEDAGOGUE TO HAVE A RUN

He Will Be Nominated by Acclamation if Present Indications Are Trustworthy.

There is a considerable sentiment in the Second congressional district that Congressman McCleary has outlived his usefulness to the people of that corner of the state, if current reports are to be believed, and it is not improbable that the convention to be held next month will result in the selection of some one else as the Republican standard bearer for the coming campaign.

There is no dearth of willing timber in the district.

Senator Henry J. Miller, of Rock county, and Representative J. F. Jacobson, of Lac qui Parle, are not conscious by reason of their activity in advocating lower railroad rates and similar measures of popular interest, and George W. Somerville, of Sleep Eye, state senator from Brown county, is available, especially since the advertising brought him by his bill to impose a tax on foreign corporations, which has netted the state considerable revenue already, although in operation but a few months.

Still another active candidate is W. A. Funk, an attorney of Mankato, well known in the district, having before his residence in Mankato been a resident of Lakefield, Jackson county, in the same district.

Mr. Funk's friends claim that the other three candidates have each pledged themselves not to contest with him for the congressional honor, and if he can come into the district convention, as his friends hope, with a majority of the Blue Earth county delegation, it will seriously weaken McCleary, whose home county has, by reason of its comparatively large population, and curious local conditions, been able to influence in the past the politics of the district more than might have otherwise been the case.

The appointment of L. P. Hunt, as postmaster at Mankato, on the recommendation of McCleary, has alienated a large number of the working politicians of the county from his support, as Hunt ridiculed McCleary's original candidacy up almost to the hour of his nomination, yet now he is honored, while earlier and stauncher friends of the former schoolmaster are left by the wayside. Gutterson's appointment as superintendent of rural mail delivery in payment for his nominating speech in McCleary's convention is objected to my many, also. That he has done anything for the district outside of the routine pension bills is disputed, and that he is master of any topic of national importance save the money question is likewise challenged. He has alienated the younger generation by twice denying his presence to high school graduating classes, of the Mankato high school, although traveling around the country considerably to be present at banquets where there were distinguished gatherings of notables, and stenographic or other reporters. He has not shown, it is charged, the abiding faith in his home city that he should, although in the last decade he and his son have drawn from the pocketbook of Uncle Sam something like $60,000, which some Mankato people believe might have been partially expended in that city.

"There are three reasons why Mankato does not want to see McCleary renominated," was the way it was put yesterday, by Joseph Reynolds, city editor of the Mankato Review, but a Republican in politics, personally. "First, because he has misrepresented the district; second, because he has thrown down his friends, and third, because he has been there long enough."

George N. Lamphere, of Moorhead, expresses himself as very well satisfied with the results at Sioux Falls, and predicted that the Democrats would be in hearty accord with Towne's nomination. The Populists having, according to Mr. Lamphere, made concession after concession in the interests of the fusion movement, and having repeatedly subordinated their own wishes in order to co-operate thoroughly with the larger party, he sees no possible reason why Democrats should resent the naming of Towne for vice president.

"The argument," said Mr. Lamphere, "that Towne will not add any votes to Bryan's candidacy will not hold water. This is not the question to be taken into consideration, in any event. The only thing the Democrats need ask themselves is: 'Will Towne's nomination take any votes away from Bryan? If not, then he is the ideal candidate for vice president. If he is the best man whom any anti-Republican party could have fastened upon for second place, then is there any logical reason why the Populists, who have so enthusiastically allied themselves with the Democrats, should not be allowed to come out boldly and recognize him as one of the great champions of the principles for which their party stands? If they are gradually to lose their identity as a party, and are making a willing sacrifice for the common good, was it unreasonable for them to give Mr. Towne the first lift toward the vice presidential goal? I think not.

"It was a great convention and the Minnesota delegation was the whole thing from start to finish. We had some hustlers on our delegation, and no mistake. They got everything they wanted and had no kick coming on the final result. The nomination of Towne being due largely to their efforts. I believe that the Minnesotans are destined to play an equally important part in the deliberations of the Democratic party at Kansas City."

"FAKES" FROM KANSAS.

Stories That Found Ready Sales in Eastern Papers.

Wichita (Kan.) Correspondence of the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Kansas is the home of newspaper fakes."

"What's that?" said the telegraph editor, who was raised on the Kaw river, and has often seen grasshoppers eat up prosperous Kansas towns in one night. The old reporter repeated his assertion. The telegraph man saw that he was in earnest, and made no hostile demonstration.

"Yes, Kansas is the home of newspaper fakes, all right, but the fake business is not what it was in the great old days of the Spanish war," remarked the sporting editor. "Still, you can gamble on Kansas yet for tall corn stories. I shouldn't be surprised, either, if business looks up when the campaign begins. Dewey's coming-out will bring on more of a mix-up, and give a live reporter a chance. Dewey stories always go."

"Sure, I know that," put in the old reporter. "About six weeks after the battle of Manila I sent a New York paper a story to the effect that a sailor had come back here from the Philippines and denounced Dewey as a coward. 'A coward, a poltroon, a jay-bird, and no gentleman,' I wired. 'The sailor is now locked up in the Wichita jail, guarded by twenty-five United States marshals. Crowds of people are on the way from Fort Scott, Mulberry and Yates Centre to lynch the sailor. Great excitement prevails.'"

"Well?"

"New York bit," the old reporter went on impressively. "The managing editor rushed a telegram, saying: 'Send full particulars of the lynching, and, if possible, get the crowd to pull it off for the first edition of the paper.'"

"Have some," said the telegraph editor as he passed around a bottle of axle grease.

"And the story reminds me of the poor woman who fell into the bored well. D'you ever hear of that? It must have been six years ago, I reckon, when the facts were brought to my attention," continued the old reporter. "Jane Smith, the frugal, handsome, hard-working wife of a farmer living five miles from Wichita, fell into a bored well. She was walking along with a milk pail on her head, if I remember rightly, and, kerchug! she went feet first down that bored well. The well was only eighteen inches across, and if the handsome farmer's wife had gone in head first she would have been killed, of course. As it was, she stuck in the well about six feet from the top.

"When her husband found her she was slipping down, inch by inch, and, as you may suppose, it was a pathetic sight. The well was 200 feet 9 inches deep. 'Keep your courage up, Jane!' shouted the farmer, as he ran for a rope.

"He lowered the rope and the woman grasped it. By that time she was thirty-five feet down in the well. Try as he would, Smith could not raise her with the rope. He ran for the neighbors, and by the time a crowd assembled Mrs. Smith was fifty feet down, and they could not hear her voice, although she had not reached the water by twenty-five feet. But one hopeful thing about it was that she had started slipping down in the solid rock, the bore was a little narrower, and she didn't go quite so fast."

"My gracious, man; how, in heaven's name, did they ever get that woman out?" shouted the telegraph editor.

"Simplest thing in the world," said the old reporter, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and reached for the bottle of axle grease. "They put in a suction pump and exhausted the air from the bore down to the head of the handsome farmer's wife."

"Yes?"

"That created a vacuum in the top of the well and she rose to the surface with the ease that a fishing cork bobs around on top of the water. It took them two days to carry out the scheme, however, and I gave the Wichita telegraph operators nervous prostration getting off that story."

"The Rosa Whiteface yarn was one of the most paying fakes that Kansas ever manufactured. Rosa Whiteface was supposed to be an Osage Indian girl, whose hard-hearted and savage old father decided to auction off to the highest bidder. The girl was rich—a regular Klondike—you know that the Osage Indians really are the wealthiest people in the world. This gave the story a little foundation."

"Sure," nodded the telegraph operator.

"Well, Rosa Whiteface had a poor but noble lover, who begged the savage father to delay the auction until he could develop a gold mine in Arizona and enjoy a fair chance at the auction. Get onto the romance?"

"Sure," assented the telegraph editor.

"The savage father refused. The lover committed suicide—razor or drowning, don't remember precisely. All that took time, and gradually we got the country worked up to a pitch of excitement. One New York editor telegraphed an offer of $1,000 for the rescue of Rosa Whiteface. 'Whiteface has shut her up in an underground prison,' I wired, and then the whole eastern coast, from Boston to New York, was convulsed with indignation. The day of the auction approached. Rosa fell into a decline. Nothing seemed to arouse her, and even government rations were left untasted. Finally old Whiteface was bought off for a large sum, furnished by a New York newspaper. The newspaper got a great advertisement out of it, and the editor prides himself to this day on his chivalrous conduct."

"Who got the money?" asked the telegraph editor, innocently.

"That is a Kansas mystery," replied the old reporter solemnly. "The incident is now closed, but I don't mind telling you that Rosa, her father, and her lover existed only in my brain.

"Speaking of Indian stories," continued the old reporter, "puts me in mind of the strange case of Walla Tonehka. Walla Tonehka was no myth. I've seen him with my own eyes. Well, as you know, about a year ago Tonehka was to have been executed for murdering some six people. He was a bad Indian. Several times he escaped death under the Choctaw law, but finally they condemned him to be shot. Then they released him on parole, to play baseball with his team. Tonehka was to show up on the appointed day, sit down on the edge of his coffin and wait for the fatal bullet."

"Well?"

"That much is true history, more or less. Tonehka was to be executed at a little Choctaw village seventy-five miles from a telegraph station. A short time before the execution Judge Caldwell issued a reprieve. A messenger started on a stout Indian pony for the Choctaw village. Rains had swollen the creeks, washed away bridges, made the clay roads as slippery as glass. Would he get there in time?"

"Did he get there in time?" shouted the telegraph editor.

"I don't know," rejoined the old reporter, coolly. "How should any of us newspaper boys know? In my paper, just as Tonehka 'bared his brave Indian breast to the bullet,' the messenger rode in on his foam-covered steed and Tonehka was saved. Others of the boys preferred to guess that he was shot. We got together in a drug store and drew lots as to which of us should send the 'shot' and which the 'not shot' story. Personally, I believe that Tonehka was saved."

WE SHOULD SAY NOT.

ONE.

TWO.

SAYS SHE WAS ABDUCTED.

Paris Has a Sensation That Overshadows All Others.

PARIS, May 12.—The Parisian sensation of the hour is the alleged abduction of the celebrated writer "Gyp," whose real name is Comtesse Martelle de Mirabeau, a descendant of the revolutionary Mirabeau. She was found early on Saturday morning wandering about Pont de Merchi. Her clothes were torn, and her face scratched, and apparently she did not know where she was. The comtesse told the police that she had been taken away in a carriage by three men, to an unknown country chateau, and locked in a room, from which she succeeded in escaping with great difficulty. The police believe she is the victim of hallucination.

WOMAN AS STOCK SOLICITOR.

Mrs. Ollie Northlane Has Gained High Reputation in the Vocation.

Mrs. Ollie Northlane, the "cattle queen," is a handsome young woman who earns a large salary traveling in the interests of a commission firm at the Sioux City stock yards. In her unique vocation she has, indeed, proved the theory of woman suffragists, that the gentler sex is admirably capable, if Mrs. Northlane be the example, of plunging into the business world on an equal footing with men. She is one of the best cattle solicitors traveling out of South City, and covers Northern Iowa, South Dakota and Nebraska in the interests of her firm. Her tact and rare ability in handling shippers make her a formidable foe for the men, and it is frankly said that she more than holds her own. Mrs. Northlane is a woman of fine attainments, and it is said that she receives large consignments of live stock to the Sioux City market, where men have failed signally.

When a little girl Mrs. Northlane showed a fondness for stock. She never tired of looking at the lazy swine or sleepy-eyed calves on her father's farm. They always were creatures of admiration to her. Her husband was a stockman, and Mrs. Northlane had an opportunity to learn much of the cattle business. The stockmen at the Sioux City yards claim she is the only woman in the stock business in the United States who is a capable judge of cattle or hogs.

In her business as a solicitor Mrs. Northlane does not have to go into yards with cattle or wade around through muddy hog pens. She simply calls on shippers in small towns and bids for their business. In this she has been no uncertain success.

Mrs. Northlane is a fearless woman, so unlike the traditional woman who climbs on the dining room table at the sight of a mouse, that it is a revelation to meet her. Without hesitation she will walk into a pen of cattle, and can sort them as well as any stockman. She also can grade hogs. In the stock business Mrs. Northlane is akin to Miss Kitty Wilkins in the horse business. This well known horsewoman has many friends at the yards, who have often seen her rope a wily broncho in the yards and lead him out for inspection. Mrs. Northlane is not an adept with the rope, but she is not afraid to walk into a yard with a dozen big Western steers. In the cattle business she always is abreast of the times, and is always posted on the condition of the market to the minutest detail. She has the quotations at her tongue's end. By glancing at a consignment of cattle she can tell very closely what they should bring when shipped to market.

A stockman said recently that Mrs. Northlane was as good at her business as any man he ever saw, and that her opinion of cattle or hogs always carried deep consideration with him. He said this stockwoman could pick out a good steer as quickly and accurately as the average woman can select a new spring dress.

TROUBLE FOR THE ICEMAN.

Ice Trust in New York Is to Be Dragged Into Court.

NEW YORK, May 12.—In the police court today Magistrate Zoller issued summons for Charles W. Morse, David Hunt, John R. Bennett, John D. Schoenmaker, Wesley Oler, Charles B. Church, Edwin B. Campbell, John Bauer, John L. Kavanagh and Charles Devoe, officers and directors of the American Ice company (commonly known as the ice trust). The summons order those named to appear on Monday next to show cause why they should not be proceeded against for conspiracy in combining to control the price and product of ice, contrary to law. The summons were sworn out by a representative of a morning newspaper.

Choate's Use of an Old Story.

Philadelphia Post.

In this era of new ideas and startling inventions old jokes still retain their youthful vigor. Nor are they confined to minstrel performers and monologue artists on the vaudeville stage. No less a wit than Joseph Hodges Choate, the law partner of William Maxwell Evarts and the present ambassador from this country to the court of St. James, recently found a very old joke useful and appropriate.

A reporter called to see him.

"Mr. Choate is a busy man," said the clerk.

"So am I," responded the reporter.

"Let me take in your card?"

"Never mind the card. He knows me."

Without further parley he opened the door and confronted Mr. Choate, who was talking with a visitor.

"Good morning, Mr. Choate," said the reporter, cheerily. "I am a reporter."

Mr. Choate looked at the intruder curiously. "Take a chair, sir," he said quietly.

"I want to see you about this story," showing a clipping from the Morning ——."

"Ah!" returned the lawyer, with his peculiar, gentle chuckle, "I'm glad to see you. Please take two chairs."

It was an old story, but Mr. Choate did not hesitate to use it.

Rode Without Lights.

Under instruction from Chief Getchell, the police were after wheelmen riding without lanterns last evening and succeeded in rounding up eight offenders. They were George Mitchell, A. Culverwell, John Barry, George Niebeaun, G. L. Butterfield, Ole Olson, John Ruffy and Herman Wall. The unfortunates were released on $2 bail each.

Bismarck—Sheriff Bogue has summoned jurors for the May term of court. The trial of the Jenkins murder case will be the interesting feature of the coming term.