The Bismarck Tribune.

MADAM GIBBS GAB.

BY COLD BEAN SOUP.

AIR—*Rosin the Bow.*

Good morning Mr. Conductor,
Wont you stop the train
I've camped out all this long night
In a mighty dreary rain.
I slept in a hay stack, too,
Along with my son Charles;
Dog'orn my skin it is really true
My hair is all full of snarls.

Look, see here is my dinner,
I brought it with me for a lunch,
Crackers, cheese and cold potatoes
All jammed up into a bunch.
Come, Stocking, pass the bottle
It makes me feel so queer
I sha'nt stop at any hotel
Because they are so dear.

Who is that man in the corner
With his little scrubby face,
I suppose he thinks my company
Is a terrible great disgrace,
You say his name is Stoyell,
Come with Tipple down to heat
That fellow they call Jackman
Along with Colonel Sweet.

Pull the cork for me, you, mister
I am getting dry again
And my tongue is all a blister
For my teeth they ache with pain,
I have lived upon the bottom,
Along with Tom and Bill
And when I get to Pembina
I will give old Sweet his fill.

I have camped upon the prairie
Near that passed Bismarck town
And among my neighbors, truly,
Not a decent one is found.
See that minister a looking
Across the seats at me
And because I have been drinking
He thinks I am on a spree.

Do you know who is my counsel
To help me with my land?
It is Jackman, U. S. Marshall,
He belongs to Brass'ears band.
But now the trial is over
And now he's sick with fear
He was afraid of being arrested
So he walked off on his ear.

See that fellow there a writing
I know he is taking down
Every word that I have been saying
All about our Bismarck town.
Mr. Editor this is plenty,
I have only give my text,
So forgive this imposition
And I'll finish in the next.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Strength of Timber.

The strength of a piece of timber depends upon the part of the tree from which it is taken. Up to a certain age, the heart of the tree is the best; after that period, it begins to fail gradually. The worst part of a tree is the sap wood, which is next the bark. It is softer than the other parts of the wood, and liable to premature decay. The deleterious component of the sapwood is absorbed if the tree is allowed to grow for a longer period, and in time the old sapwood becomes proper timber fiber, similar to heart wood. Hence, the goodness of a tree, for timber purposes depends on the age at which the tree was cut down. When young, the heart wood is the best; at maturity, with the exception of the sap wood, the trunk is equally good throughout; and when the tree is allowed to grow too long, the heart wood is the first to show symptoms of weakness, and deteriorates gradually.

The best timber is secured by felling the tree at the age of maturity, which depends upon its nature as well as on the soil and climate. The ash, beech, elm and fir, are generally considered at their best when of seventy or eighty years' growth, and the oak is seldom at its best in less than one hundred years; but much depends on surrounding circumstances. As a rule, trees should not be cut before arriving at maturity, because there is then too much sap wood, and the durability of the timber is much inferior to that of trees felled after they have arrived at their full development.

The strength of many woods is doubled by the process of seasoning, hence it is very thriftless to use timber in a green state, as it is not only weak, but it is exposed to continual change of bulk, form and stability. After timber is cut, and before it is properly seasoned, the outside is found to crack and to split more than the inside of the mass, because it is more exposed to the surrounding atmosphere; but, as the outside dries, the air gradually finds its way to the interior.

If timber is cut by the saw when green, and allowed to season or dry in a gradual manner, it is found to be the most durable. In the arts, however, artificial drying is often resorted to, as in the case of gun stocks. These are put into a desiccating chamber, where a current of air at ninety or one hundred degrees is passed over them at such a rate as to change the whole volume of air in the chamber every three minutes, and it is found that a year of seasoning may thus be saved. The walnut wood is as good, after this process, as if the seasoning had been accomplished by time and exposure, and works more smoothly under the cutting instruments of the stock machinery.

Wood will always warp after a fresh surface has been exposed, and will likewise change its form by the presence of any moisture, either from that contained in the atmosphere or from wetting the surface. The effect of moisture on dry wood is to cause the tubular fibers to swell; hence it is that, if a plank or boards is wetted upon one side, the fibers there will be distended, and the plank, in consequence, must bend.

The amount of the shrinkage of timber in length, when seasoning, is so inconsiderable that it may in practice be disregarded. But the shrinkage in transverse directions is much greater, and presents some peculiarities which can only be explained by examining the structure of the wood, as resulting from its mode of growth.—*Scientific American.*

National Songs.

The composer of the "Wacht am Rein," who has just died, was happy enough to enjoy the full success and celebrity of his compositon. No such early tribute of national recognition gladdened the ears of the composer of that far grander piece of war music, the "Marseillaise." The "Wacht am Rein" was not an inspiration of high artistic genius, but it was an inspiration of its kind, and it hit a long-prevailing mood, and came to be the expression of the national sentiment on the very eve of battle. From the earliest days of the War in France it superceded all the older and greater hymns of German nationality. Long after events had definately settled that there was no need of protecting the Rhine, and long after the "Watch" had left her to take care of herself and gone to pursue the French into Paris, the strains of the popular anthem still proclaimed in every city in the world the resolve of Germany to stand by her river. Carlyle calls the "Marseillaise the luckiest musical composition ever promulgated, the sounds of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assemblages will sing it with eyes weeping and burning, hearts defiant of death despot and devil." There is none of this passionate and stormy grandeur about the "Wacht am Rhein," which is only at best a song of encouragement and defence, without passion or despair, and not by any means up to the level of the unparalleled national triumph which was awaiting Germany at the time when it began to be popular. Still there can be little doubt that it will pass into public memory in association with the events of 1870, as Arndt's song of the German Fatherland is remembered in connection with those of 1813; as "partant pour la Syrie" is enshrined with Nopoleonism, and "Lillibullero" brings with it recollections of the fall of divine light in England.—*London Daily News.*

Different Styles of Dancing.

The fashion of dancing is not at all cosmopolite—not even national. In Saratoga the different styles make a medley.

If you see a two hundred pound man and woman perspiring around with their pompous bodies tossed lightly and springily in the air, arms swaying, keeping good time, and making grand Persian salaams for a bow in the Lancers, you can set them down as belonging to the old Tweed Fisk Leland Americus Olub school.

If you see two heated young people tripping fast away ahead of the music, taking short steps and jerking through a square dance as if the house was on fire and set must be completed before any one could take the fire escapes, you you can set them down as from the plantation districts of the South, or the rural districts of Pennsylvania and the West. It is the steamboat quickstep.

If you see a black-eyed youth with long hair, and a young lady with liquid black eyes, and she has her two hands on the young man's shoulders at full length, and she stands directly in front of him, and they both go hopping around like Siamese twins with wire springs under them, you can wager they are from Louisville, Memphis or Little Rock. They have the square-toed wresting step.

If you see a rough fellow grasp a young lady firmly around the waist, seize her wrists, stick her hand out like the bowsprit of a Sound yacht, and both hump up their backs like a pair of mad cats on a dooryard fonce, over people, through people, up and down the room, sidewise, backward, up and down like a saw-mill gate, you can bet on them having learned the dancing from the Morristown, Riverdale and Yonkers sociables. It is the sueburban New York saw-mill jump-up.

If you see a couple sliding gently and slowly, and lazily through the lancers, just half as fast as the time, but keeping stip with the music, gently sauntering through the "grand chain," too languid to whirl partners, talking sweetly all the time, as if they were strolling into a graveyard, you can rest assured that they are from New York, and from the most fashionable section between Madison Square and the Park.. This the graveyard saunter step.

If you see a feller clasp a girl meltingly in his arms, squeeze her hand warmly, hold her swelling bosom to his, and they both go floating down the room locked in each other's embrace, looking like one person, his feet only now and then protuding from a profusion of illusion and lace and so on, rely upon it you can set them down as belonging to the intense Boston school. It is the melting Harvard jacket-race embrace.

Massachusetts, takes our hat!

"Die With My Face to the Foe."

A writer in the Louisville Courier Journal tells the following amusing story of the rebellion.

A single shot followed by a loud shriek told us that one of my best men (Bradley) was hurt. He proclaimed his agony with loud voice, turned over on his back and commenced kicking so vigorously that the surgeon had difficulty in getting near him.

"Poor fellow!" said the doctor as he saw a whitish liquid oozing out: "shot in the bladder. I'm afraid it's fatal."

And he commenced opening his coat.

"Oh, my God!" said Bradley, "I'm a dead man."

"Keep up your spirits, my boy never say die," said Captain Johnson, kneeling kindly over him.

"Doctor," asked the wounded soldier, feebly, "will you write to mother and tell her that I died bravely, doing my duty, with may face to the foe, and that I thought of her when dying?"

"Yes," said the doctor, with dim eyes and husky voice; "I will write to her, and tell her, too."

But, suddenly springing to his feet, with an indignant voice said:

"Why confound it, man, you're not hurt a bit. It's only your canteen that's shot, and that's the water from it. Get up, will you?"

Bradley raised up slowly, felt himself all over, and with an exceedingly foolish countenance, crawled back to his position amid the uproarious laughter of the whole regiment.

For months after that, on the march or in camp, and sometimes in the stillness of the night, you would hear a voice in some direction demanding.

"What shall I tell your mother?" and perhaps half a dozen responses would be heard: "Tell her I died with my face to the foe," and then Bradley would come out and hunt for the man that said it.

He seldom found him, but when he did there was certain to be a fight.

A Nebraska paper says: The Mennonite Russians decided not to purchase Union Pacific Railroad lands, not knowing whether the company or the United States Government were the proper owners thereof.

The lands six miles from the town of Tacoma, the Pacific terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, can be purchased at about $40 per acre; and within two miles of the town, $80 to $100 per acre.

NOTICE.

MEETING OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.—The Board of Commissioners of Burleigh County, D. T., are hereby requested meet at the Court House in the City of Bismarck on Thursday, Sept. 25, 1873, at 2 o'clock p. m. JAMES A. EMMONS, Chairman.

BISMARCK, Sept. 15, 1873.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, COUNTY OF BURleigh, ss.—In Justice Court, before Thomas Van Etten, Justice of the Peace.

Thomas Moor
vs.
Cuthbert Ducharme.

To the above named defendant:

You are hereby notified that a writ of attachment ha been issued against you and your property attached to satisfy the demand of Thomas Moor amounting to one hundred dollars. Now, unless you shall appear before Thomas Van Etten, a Justice of the Peace in and for said county, on the 2d day of October, A. D., 1873, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, judgement will be rendered against you and your property sold to pay the debt.

Dated this 4th day of Sept., A. D., 1873.

WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, COUNTY OF BURleigh, ss.—District Court, Second Judicial District.

T. G. Jones, plaintiff,
vs.
Culberth Du Cham, deft.
} Summons.

To Culberth Du Cham, defendant above named:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the District Court for said county, and a copy of which is herewith served upon you.

And serve a copy of your answer on the subscribers at their office in Bismarck in said county on or before the second day of the next term of the District Court aforesaid, to be held in the County of Burleigh aforesaid.

If you fail to answer the complaint within that time the plaintiffs will take judgment against you for the sum of two hundred and forty dollars ($240) and the costs and disbursements of this action.

Dated, Bismarck August 3d, A. D., 1873.

STOYELL & DELAMATER, Plaintiff's Attorneys,
Bismarck D. T.

IMPERFECT PAGE