The Republican.

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OAKES, - NORTH DAKOTA.

DAKOTA MIRRORED.

L. E. Quigg in His Bismarck Letter to the New York Tribune Tells Truths.

An Entertaining Letter Which Should Be Generally Circulated Throughout the East.

Great Good to the Dakotas Must Come From His Descriptive Articles.

Mr. L. E. Quigg, the New York Tribune correspondent is doing a wonderful amount of good to the Dakotas in placing the facts of the two new states before the reading public in such truthful and graphic language. In his Bismarck letter he says:

The seventh standard parallel divides the Dakotas, leaving each of them 400 miles wide by 200 miles long. The Northern Pacific runs across North Dakota in a straight line from Fargo. Its land grant includes every other section, that is, every other block one mile square, for fifty miles on either side of its track. All the country west of the Missouri and below that grant in both Dakotas, except the Black Hills region lying within the two forks of the Cheyenne River, is Indian country, and is now the subject of negotation between the Sioux and the Government. Very little of this reservation is in North Dakota, but that larger half of the State west from Jamestown is unsettled. The Manitoba Railroad, with its central office in St. Paul, crosses the Territory from Grand Forks, along a line about 150 miles north from the line of the Northern Pacific. It passes through some of the finest wheat lands in Dakota, still untouched and subject to entry at the United States Land Office in Devil's Lake. As the Manitoba road nears the border, it reaches a country which cannot be surpassed for stock-raising, as well as for diversified farming. About twenty miles west from Jamestown is the long line of hills and ravines called the Coteaux du Missouri. These lands are supposed to be unavailable for farming, though I noticed as pretty fields of wheat there as elsewhere. The fact is, I fancy, that they have been depreciated simply because the land beyond them is everywhere level and more easily worked. In the valleys between the coteaux there are thousands of little lakes and ponds, and as the coteaux grow thick, luxuriant grass, they furnish the best facilities for stock-farming.

West of Bismarck and the river the country is generally level until the

BAD LANDS

are reached. They are not bad lands at all, but wonderful lands. They constitute one of the most marvelous physical appearances to be observed on this continent. They are come upon suddenly, and without any suggestion that the prairie level is to be so strangely broken. All at once numberless peaks, as sharp in their formation as the fingers on your hand, rise straight from the earth, an army of massive buttes. They are of all conceivable shapes, some are circular pyramids, perfect in shape. Others rise like quartz crystals, with sides as smooth as a board, and frequently from one of these straight and regular buttes the petrified stumps of enormous trees will protrude, sillcified by the action of the same waters that gave figure to the buttes themselves ages and ages ago. The Bad Lands begin about 100 miles west of Bismarck and follow the course, north and south, of the Little Missouri River. North of the railroad their finest scenic effects are on the eastern side of the Little Missouri, and no feat of pen or brush can give any fair conception of the extravagant splendor of these fantastic lands. They assume not only every conceivable appearance, but all the appearances that might be attributed to the hand and the imagination of a race of mental freaks. They twist themselves into

10,000 DIFFERENT CONTORTIONS.

They show you devils, plunging horses, wolf-heads, old men, cut and moulded by wind and water in clay and sand and limestone, or in the finer substance formed by petrification, shapes that seem oddly harmonious with the natural life that for so long a time made these wild places their habitation. At every turn your mind is newly startled. You see devices not only in themselves grotesque, but standing forth, shooting out, plunging down in such utterly novel and unnatural situations. Enormous masses of rock seem in the distance to be hanging by a single silken thread, poised over a plain on which a hundred figures dressed in white, blue, black, green, gray and yellow are dancing in gleeful and thoughtless sport, springing upwards, turning somersaults and performing all the tricks of a harlequin. The Buttes themselves, with some part clad in the greenest verdure, elsewhere in the black weaving of a vegetation that has turned to coal, here in the pink trimmings of real terra cotta which lignite fires have been slowly baking, there in the creamy faces knitted by the winds through great deposits of alkali left upon the surface of the soil by waters that have long since been drained away,—the buttes themselves, multiplied 10,000 times and chiselled into castles, domes, spires, towers and monuments present each its separate picture of weird, but magnificent disorder. Those wise fellows who know everything say that there was once a great lake here which was gradually drained away through the two Missouris, and that the waters, as they swept toward the sea, cut and modelled the Bad Lands. Their name is an Indian legacy.

The white man, when he came soon found a use to which the Bad Lands could profitably be put and they are now supporting immense herds of sheep and cattle. The grass grown upon the buttes and on the level plains between them is the

BEST THERE IS ON EARTH.

In winter the cattle have plenty of protection, and they take care of themselves. There is a sufficiency of water. After turning the herds loose, nothing remains for men to do but to bring them together again twice a year, that the young may be properly branded and the fat steers shipped to market. Some hay is put up so that there may be no scarcity of food in case of a heavy fall of snow. But heavy snows are unusual in the Bad Lands, and unless the grass on the ground is actually beyond reach the cattle much prefer it to hay. Many noted ranches are in the Bad Lands, and a few years ago—less than five—the cowboys of this region were "bad men from Bitter Creek." Their favorite amusement was to stop a railroad train and make the conductor dance for them. Occasionally they would go through the cars and gather a few purses. How surely and quickly all that sort of thing flies before a tide of immigration. The cowboys keep far away from towns and depots now, and as you ride through the Bad Lands to-day you can see tennis courts chalked out on the lawns of the houses around depot sites and spruce young men and pretty girls loving away with rackets and bright eyes in the most advanced Bar Harbor fashion. Four years ago, if a man with a silk hat had left the train at Medora the chances are even that neither he nor that would ever have been heard from again. Now, the English tourist wanders around and ogles through his eye-glass and wobbles his "r's" and drawls his "dawncherknaws" all unmolested. The avenger is gone. You must look elsewhere to find the old-time frontier.

In some parts of Dakota the fuel question is a serious one. Within an area marked by a radius of 200 miles not a stick of natural timber rises above the plains. Not a suggestion of coal appears under them. All fuel, of whatever nature, must be fetched in by the railroads, and the railroads don't give their services for nothing. With such long winter seasons, the cost of living is heavily increased by the freight charges on fuel. In the course of a few years this situation will be materially alleviated. North and west of Bismarck, on both sides of the river, are coal fields of such immense proportions as to be practically inexhaustible. They extend in all directions, running north almost to the international line, and west into the Bad Lands. They run deep into the earth. Several veins have been followed to a depth of 5,000 feet without any indication that they intended to give out. In Bismarck, and all along the line of the Northern Pacific this coal is used almost exclusively. It is a lignite formation and appears to be the substructure of the country. Every farmer in that part of Dakota which is north and west of the capital possesses his own supply. When a lad is told by his mother to fetch her some coal he goes into his mine, digs it out with one or two blows of his pick, and brings it back in a solid lump on his shoulder. Several mines have been opened for

COMMERCIAL PURPOSES,

and they are succeeding fairly well as business entesprises—none too well, of course, though that is no fault of the coal's. But where everybody can do his own mining there is not as large a demand as there might be for the results of corporate labor. The mines will have their rich opportunity as soon as Bismarck secures a railroad into South Dakota. There is where the coal is needed, and needed seriously. A road is now graded and lacking only the rails as far south as Aberdeen. It will be put in operation within another year, and then the mines can be worked to real advantage. With such an immense supply available, the price can never be forced to an extravagant figure. It now ranges from one to two dollars a ton. The coal is soft and slowly slacks when exposed to the air, so that larger quantities are needed than of harder and firmer coal. It is not mineral. It is lighter than the Iowa coal, has more water, more volatile matter, less carbon and less sulphur. As household fuel it serves its best purpose and is entirely satisfactory. In an open grate it furnishes the prettiest sort of flame, producing a pinkish ash. Looking from the windows of a Northern Pacific train, the passengers may see hundreds of dark excavations made by the farmers into mounds and bluffs where good, thick surface seams have been discovered. With this industry waiting to be turned to profit, and with the great Missouri flowing at her feet, Bismarck has no need to worry about her future.

The Missouri at Bismarck is better behaved, on the whole, than elsewhere along its course. It rises

1,500 MILES FURTHER NORTH AND WEST,

and occasionally in the early spring when the Chinook winds, sweeping across Northern Montana, melt the ice and start a rapid flow of water, gorges are formed at and around Bismarck, where the ice remains solid, and a flood is brought on. But the city, securely protected behind enormous bluffs, regards this misdemeanor as venial. The headquraters of the Missouri River Transportation Company are here, and it has various establishments, shops, shipyards and freight-houses, down upon the "first bench," as the lowest slope of land nearest the river is called. The company's freight-house is a singular structure, 45 feet wide and 600 feet long. To some people figures never convey much of an idea, and therefore I will add that a building 45 feet by 600 is about as big a building as is worth while making in all this world of human endeavor. Two winters ago, the river, apparently dissatisfied with the situation of the building, quietly got up one night and laid it on a bluff some 200 feet above its original site and about 400 feet nearer the town. Then, having stowed some thousands of tons of ice against the freight-house to keep it in place, the river lowered its back and swept amiably on as before. There is a personality about the Missouri and a mischievous motive about its rascally performances that are highly amusing. The huge, unsightly steamboats that ply between St. Louis and Bismarck, and then for another thousand miles onward to Fort Benton, carrying from

SIXTY TO TWO HUNDRED TONS

of freight, draw only from two to four feet of water! This is hard to believe, but it is a fact. And even then, they will often get into trouble. They will be going placidly along when suddenly the river will toss a sandbar in their way, and they will be buried in mud and misery. But the ingenuity of man has not failed to provide for this emergency. Each steamer is equipped with two big poles. These are let down into the mud and water, and by means of ropes and pulleys the boat is hoisted upon the poles out of the stream. Then, when the current, to its undoubted regret and annoyance, has washed away the sand, the steamboat jauntily proceeds. Nothing is funnier than to see a great big boat pulling itself on top of a couple of crutches to cheat the sandbar. It is an interesting fact that since the Northern Pacific bridge was constructed across the Missouri it has shifted twenty-two inches. Its huge supports are buried below the river bottom upon bed-rock, but they have moved, and tons, I had almost said acres, of earth have been deposited around them to assist in breaking the force of the ice gorges.

In closing, as I do herewith, the story that has been too fleetly told of the material condition and the wonderful achievements of the two Dakotas, it may be desirable to collect a few of the more eloquent facts in a single forceful group. The population of these sister States has come up in eighteen years from 100,000 to 600,000. In twelve years the acreage acquired by actual settlement has been 43,000,000. The first railroad track was laid in 1872. To-day you can ride 5,000 miles over steel rails within the boundary lines of

NORTH AND SOUTH DAKOTA.

You can start for your newly taken homestead on a Monday and can reach your final destination in three days without ever leaving your car. You will find your household goods on a sidetrack waiting for you, and by the next Monday you can be breaking sod for your first crop. Conditions are not as they were in the days, still vividly clear in living men's memories, when the prairies were only to be crossed in wooden-wheeled carts, drawn by a yoke of oxen and furnished with a barrel of flour in one end and a barrel of water in the other! To-day there are in Dakota 250,000 horses, 250,000 milch cows, 800,000 cattle, 230,000 sheep, 600,000 hogs. They are worth $50,000,000, and to this grand fortune a 10 per cent accretion must be added every year. At this moment a harvest is growing, with every promise of happy realization, of 35,000,000 bushels of corn, 70,000,000 of wheat, 5,000,000 of flax, 10,000,000 of barley, 50,000,000 of oats and 5,000,000 of potatoes! And of the imperial domain stretching from a central point 200 miles north, east, south and west of the 96,000,000 acres that constitute these States, barleey 7,000,000—less than one-thirteenth—have felt the harrow's touch! Everywhere, in social life, in religious life, in political life, a perfect and liberal organization exists. Wherever there is a settlement the spires of half a dozen churches rise and the bells of half a dozen schools sound out. Crime is scarcely heard of in Dakota. It has nothing that even faintly resembles a crimnal class. There are but two prisons in the two States that really look like prisons, and the inmates of these are only luckless creatures who couldn't make things go and did a little pilfering to keep the wolf off. I suppose you think this sounds like a fairy tale? Well, I think so myself, but it is all the truth.

L. E. Q.

A Conflict of Races.

There are conflicting reports about the cause of the bloody shooting affray which occurred near Austin, Texas, a few days ago, in which four white men and five negroes were killed and many others wounded. From one version it appears that in the neighborhood where the trouble occurred a colored justice of the peace, Orange Wickes and a colored constable, Isaac Wilson, were recently elected. The justice had issued a warrant for one A. D. Litten (white), and it was put into the hands of Wilson. Soon after the latter met Litten and informed him he had a warrant for his arrest and proceeded to read it. Litten remarked that it was no use to read the warrant for he would not be arrested by a "d—— nigger." Quite a crowd had gathered and Wilson's friends advised that he place the warrant in the hands of a white constable. This he did and Litten was arrested, but declared he would not be tried before a colored justice. Notwithstanding his protest, he was carried before Justice Wickes, whose court was in session. The room was crowded with blacks and whites. In the court room Litten was very abusive, and finally words grew to blows, then to the use of six-shooters and Winchesters. Justice Wickes and Litten were riddled with bullets and died immediately. The colored constable was also killed, as was a negro named Bell. A spectator was filled with lead and died soon after. Houston Moore, a colored boy, was also killed by a stray bullet. Alexander Nolan and George Scholf, white men, were shot down and instantly killed, as was another white whose name could not be learned. The affair created intense excitement in the neighborhood, and it is said that at least 100 armed men gathered on the ground ready to renew the fight, but all has been quiet up to this writing.

A Mother Conceals Her Child.

A sensational scene was enacted on the 15th inst. in Judge Outcalt's court at Cincinnati, Ohio. The court has had in hearing and under consideration for several months an unusual habeas corpus case, where two women claim to be mother of the child for whom the writ was issued. Miss Kate Schaller averred that she gave birth to an illegitimate child and placed it in the hands of Mrs. Humbser, the mid-wife to dispose of, and that Mrs. Humbser placed it in the family of W. S. White to be adopted. Subsequently Miss Schaller wished to recover possession of her child and applied to Mrs. White, when that lady informed her that the baby she had was not an adopted child, but was her own. The testimony before the court was most conflicting, but Mr. and Mrs. White brought many witnesses to show that the disputed baby was theirs. They have had it in charge during the trial. On the 15th the judge was to render the decision, but Mrs. White appeared in court without the child. When asked by the court where it was, Mrs. White in a determined manner answered: "Judge Outcalt, I was submitted to a severe examination the other day, and I understood you were going to decide against me, and I have protected my child. I know the consequences and am here to abide by them, and if I have to stay in prison ten years I am satisfied, so, if at the end of that time, I have my darling." This reply, of course, made a sensation. Her attorney promptly disclaimed having advised this course of action, and asked that his client have time to reflect. The court said that if Mrs. White did not produce the child she must suffer the consequences of contempt of court, and he allowed her till noon to consider. The resolute mother for two hours was urged by her attorney and friends to produce the child, but at the end of the time she remained firm and went bravely to jail under sentence of the court for contempt.

A Religious War in Canada.

Never in the history of Canada have religious prejudices been so thoroughly aroused between the Roman Catholics and Protestants as at the present moment, the direct outcome of Sir John Macdonald refusing to disallow the Quebec cat incorporating the order of Jesuits and alloting to them $400,000 in lieu of their lands which were confiscated to the crown at the time they were declared illegal by Pope Clement. The Canadian house of commons is composed of 215 members, 73 of whom are Catholics, although when the vote on the Jesuit bill was taken last season, out of the 142 Protestants only 13 voted against allowing the Jesuits incorporation bill. It is different in the country, however, and at every point meetings of indignation are being held by the Orangemen and Protestants generally demanding the disallowance of the bill. In the Jesuit college, as in other colleges in Canada, the minister of militia allows the use of a certain number of government rifles for the purpose of drilling the students. The Orangemen are now demanding that these government rifles be withdrawn from the Jesuit college. Eighty-five per cent, of the population of the province of Quebec are Roman Catholics, while in the province of Ontario about the same percentage are Protestants. In the cabinet five out of the thirteen are Catholic, while Sir John MacDonald and Minister of Customs Bowell represent the Orange element, which has become a powerful lever in Canadian politics. The outside world has little idea of the religious warfare which is going on within the Dominion to-day, and any attempt at reconciliation only appears to intensify the bitter feeling which exists. One thing is certain, that the complicion of the present parliament will be greatly altered at the next general election.

A Sensational Sequel.

A sensational sequel to the proposed attempted suicide of J. A. Newcome, in the Clearwater, Kansas, bank, May 29, promises to be forthcoming in the near future. Ever since the shooting Newcome has been more or less unconscious, until a few days ago when he made rapid strides toward recovery, and his brain became quite clear. Sending for his attorneys, he imparted to them the startling information that he did not attempt suicide, but that some one who was in the bank at the time had shot him. He said he had transferred to Tillinghast by trust deed some $30,000 worth of property, and that, though he had frequently asked for restitution, it had never been made. Finally, he alleges, Tillinghast induced him to meet him at his office in Clearwater, and there he was shot. At the time of the shooting Tillinghast announced that Newcome was in dire financial straits and had been very despondent. An investigation has shown that this was not the case, so the statement made by the wounded man has all the color of truth. Newcome located in Wichita, Kansas, with considerable means, from Painesville, Ohio, and was at once prominent in railroad circles. The Knights Templar have taken the case in hand and some startling developments are expected.

Seventy Killed.

A special telegram from Dublin, Ireland dated the 12th inst., says a train carrying an excursion party from Armagh has been wrecked near that place. The train contained 1,200 persons, composed of Methodist Sunday school scholars, teachers and relatives. They were going on an excursion to Warren Point. The latest report says that 50 children were killed by the accident.

Further dispatches from Armagh show that the accident was far more serious than at first reported. Seventy bodies have been taken from the wreck, and there are others buried under the debris.

The place where the party was bound is a watering place at the mouth of the Newry river, in the county Down.

Over 100 passengers were injured.

A South Dakota Elopement.

George Warren and Mrs. Charles Booth, of White Lake, South Dakota, eloped from that place on the 9th inst. They traveled on horse back to Yankton, a distance of 160 miles, on a pair of horses which they stole from a neighbor. Two hours after they arrived at Yankton they were arrested and lodged in the county jail. C. H. Morrill, of the White Lake Times, who is an intimate friend of Booth, was instrumental in effecting their capture. The runaway couple were taken back and Warren will have to answer to the charge of horse stealing.

The Sioux Reservation

Proceedings of the Commission Given in Detail as Gleaned From Telegraphic Information.

Population of the Sioux Reservation. The Commission Through at Rosebud.

At the Pine Ridge Agency. The Prospect Good for Securing the Names.

Population of the Sioux Reservation.

Following is the number of Indians at each of the agencies on the great Sioux reservation, and the number of signatures that it takes at each to effect the contemplated purchase of their lands by government:

Rosebud agency has 7,200 Indians counting men, women and children. Number of male Indians over eighteen years of age, 1,509; necessary three-fourths, 1,132.

Pine Ridge Agency—Whole number of Indians, 5,200; number of males over eighteen years of age, 1,261; necessary three-fourths, 946.

Standing Rock Agency—Total number of male Indians over eighteen years of age, 1,099; necessary three-fourths, 825.

Cheyenne Agency—Total number of male Indians over eighteen years of age, 750; necessary three-fourths, 563.

Lower Brule Agency—Total number of male Indians over eighteen years of age, 306; necessary three-fourths, 230.

Crow Creek Agency—Total number of male Indians over eighteen years of age, 282; necessaay three-fourths, 212. This makes the total number of male Indians over eighteen years of age at all the agencies, 5,207; necessary three-fourths to be secured before the reservation can be opened, 3906.

Commission Through at Rosebud.

A special telegram from Rosebud agency under date of the 12th inst., says that the Sioux commission has completed its labors at that agency, and has gone to the Pine Ridge agency. They secured nearly 1,150 signatures at the Rosebud agency They have been exceedingly successful considering that agency is by far the largest on the reservation. Upwards of 8,000 Indians draw rations there, and they are a turbulant people, hard to manage, and do not always dwell together like brothers. This is one of the most serious of the many difficulties that the commission has met. There was much clashing between the full bloods, too. The young men decided to take the reins in their teeth and the old fellows offered bitter objection. "Down with the rule of the chiefs" was the cry of the young bloods, and so the quarrel went on. The success of the commission at Rosebud is pretty sure to make their task much easier at the remaining agencies.

At the Pine Ridge Agency.

The commission have gone to the Pine Ridge agency where they will meet the famous old Indian warrior, Chief Red Cloud. This agency is situated in the unorganized county of Shannon, South Dakota, near the Black Hills, and adjoining the Nebraska state line. It is the agency for the Oglala Indian reservation, who are probably the most reckless of the Sioux nation. Red Cloud, with the exception of Sitting Bull is probably the most famous living Indian He has kept his lips pretty close together since the commission went to the reservation. Previous to their arrival he made vigorous declarations in opposition to the Dawes bill. His principal objection was the claim that he had been allowed only $28,000 by the congressional act for the alleged theft of ponies from his tribe several years ago, and he declared he should have had at least $36,000. The Indian Defense Association cranks put this notion into the wily old red skin's brain during his recent trip to Washington.

Red Cloud sealed his lips during his recent visit to the Rosebud agency. He talked to no one but Gen. Crook, and, up to date, no one has any information as to what passed between them. The general is the only man on the reservation who has any idea as to what is in store for the commission at Pine Ridge. He is certain to keep that information to himself.

COMMISON HAS ARRIVED

The Sioux commissioners arrived at Pine Ridge agency on the afternoon of the 13th inst. At that time the agency Indians were gathering in considerable numbers from distant camps on the reservation. It was then expected that a council might be held on the 15th inst. The Indians went into council by themselves in order to adopt a line of policy, and choose their speakers.

Pine Ridge agency is the second in size on the great Sioux reservation. It contains 5,600 Indians, mainly Ogalalla Sioux, the balance being northern Cheyennes, abobt 500 in number. On the agency list are 1,283 names of men qualified to vote on the question of assenting to the act of congress. A large number of these are absent with Buffalo Bill's company or other similar traveling combinations, and it is doubtful whether the requisite three-fourths needed are now present on the reservation. The Indians are nearly all opposed to disposing of any portion of their reservation and view with suspicion any offer on the part of the government.

THE FIRST COUNCILS

Under the date of the 16th inst. it is learned from the Pine Ridge agency that a wind storm almost destroyed the great roofed space which had been intended for the council of the Indians and nothing up to that date had been done to repair the damage. The Indians had not all arrived though couriers had been sent to the different camps to summon them. On the south side of the agency lies the wide-spreading encampment of Chief Red-Cloud, while on all sides are many other camps. Louis Richard, an old-time chief of scouts under General Crook, has been among these Indians explaining the bill and working in its interest. He is close-mouthed and says nothing as to what the result of the meetings will be. The commission will possibly remain at Pine Ridge for two weeks, and even longer. The visiting of agencies will not be concluded before Aug. 15 at the present rate of progress. Three councils were held in the camp on the 15th at which Gov. Foster put in an appearance and gave them a little informal talk, setting forth the purpose for which the commission had come among them, alluding incidently to the success of negotiations at Rosebud agency. Speeches were made by several of the prominent older Indians, which disclose a strong

SPIRIT OF OPPOSITION

to the treaty. Among others may be mentioned Red Cloud, Big Road and White Antelope as the most earnest in their opposition to the treaty. Red Cloud has at last openly declared himself as against any sale of land, expressing himself to the effect that his people needed all the land which they had now, and that to properly induct them into the mysteries of the white man's civilization all this land would be required, without the relinquishment of an acre. Taken as a whole the situation seems similar to that at Rosebud when the commission came there. The mixed bloods and white men intermarried into the tribe are in favor of the bill, knowing this to be the most advantageous offer ever made, or ever likely to be made. The acknowledged leader of the younger and more progressive Indians is Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse, and he leads the advocates of the treaty. He is credited with the expression: "When my friend, Gen. Crook, comes and tells me he has a good heart toward the Indians." With him are Fast Thunder, No Flesh and Six Feather. There are at this agency about 5,600 Indians, with 1,330 adults, not including the white men who will be allowed a voice in the matter. Through their connection with the tribe by marriage, these people are arrayed for or against the bill with a large number on the fence ready to climb down on the side where there is the most numerous crowd or the juiciest beef roasts are to be had.

Sitting Bull Will Never Sign.

A report comes from Standing Rock agency that Sitting Bull is recovering from his recent severe sickness, and is daily becoming stronger and more communicative. In an interview with regard to the proposed opening of the reservation for settlement, he said he never signed a treaty and never would. He is as bitterly opposed to the opening of the reservation now as he was a year ago. When told of the number of Indians at the lower agencies who are signing, he would not believe it. He said he had Indians at the lower conference who reported to him, and he knew that no such number as reported have signed. He is cunning and suspicious and thinks the commissioners are giving out the reports to influence the Indians at the upper agencies. There is every reason to believe that the commissioners will succeed in opening the reservation, but they must do it without the aid or consent of Sitting Bull and his friends. When asked if he thought he would die, Sitting Bull said at first he felt sure that he must go, as the trouble was with his heart which felt as though it had been shot. He now has some hope of recovery. The Indians at Standing Rock have chosen the orators to represent them at the coming conference, but Sitting Bull is not one of the chosen. Those elected are Gall, John Grass, Mad Bear, Big Head and Eagle-That-Scares.

Another Day at Pine Ridge Agency.

On the 16th inst. the commissioners were informed that the Cheyennes desired to have a dialect conference, as they did not understand the language used the day before. An inquiry developed the fact that when the Cheyennes were leaving their camps for this caucus the Sioux soldiers interfered and told them they must not talk to the commissioners. This action indicated the policy of Red Cloud and his followers, and is in line with their recent conduct. The Cheyennes were given a separate audience and the bill carefully explained in their own language. They expressed satisfaction frequently. It seems now that the mixed bloods are in favor of ratifying the bill, and that the opposition to it is mainly confined to Red Cloud's followers. The Sioux Indians had a council with each other while the commissioners were talking with the Cheyennes. At this council there was considerable excitement. About fifteen chiefs spoke in opposition to signing the bill, giving as reasons that the government had not fulfilled the promises of the treaty of 1868. Other objections were made, mainly such as were urged at Rosebud. They endeavored to pledge their bands to act together, or in other words, to enforce the caucus system. No Flesh said that he was in favor of signing; that he was thinking about the future; that he wanted his children to be further advanced than he was. That when they attended school and learned what the white man learned they wanted to act as the white man acted; that he believed the only way to bring about this was to take up land and get papers for it; that he should sign no matter who objected, and if anyone tried to prevent he would make them cry. American Horse took the same side, though less emphatic than No Flesh. Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, the former great chief, said that he was too old to try and control his young men. Here he warned them to think for themselves and then to do as they thought best. Red Cloud's influence for the time seems to prevail with apparent unanimity.

Fatal Fight in Missouri.

John O. Manion, a young farmer with a wife and three children, lived four miles from Fayette, Mo. On an adjoining farm resided Richard M. Fowler, a bachelor cousin of Manion. Fowler spent a good deal of his leisure time at Manion's house, and his attentions to Manion's wife became so marked that trouble ensued and Manion and his wife separated and very bad blood was stirred up between the two men. On the 15th inst. Fowler and Manion met in Fayett, and when only three feet apart began to shoot at each other. Manion was shot through the stomach and chest and died during the afternoon, and Fowler was wounded in the neck and both arms. After emptying their revolvers, both men stood up and pounded each other with their pistols until friends separated them. Mrs. Manion is prostrated over the bloody affray and threatens to kill herself. All the parties are highly connected, and the affair has created a great sensation.

Killed by a Tough.

A story is telegraphed from Drywood, Wis., a settlement near Chippewa Falls, that leads one to believe the fools are not all dead yet. It appears that during the progress of a dance, John Medley, a well-known resident, was shot and killed by William Nolan. The shooting originated in a drunken quarrel, in which Nolan boasted of his ability to whip the whole Medley family. When his ability was subjected to a test, he resorted to a revolver with the above result. Nolan immediately took to the woods after firing the cowardly shot, and had not been captured at last accounts. He is a Kentuckian of the Jesse James stamp, and bears a hard reputation.

The Samoan Commission.

A dispatch from Berlin says the American commissioners to the Samoan conference have received instructions from Mr. Blaine, the American secretary of state, in relation to the protocol drawn up by the conference. Mr. Blaine disagrees with several provisions of the protocol and also is of the opinion that England and Germany have not gone far enough in respect to the rights conceded to the United States. The conference had a sitting on the 13th inst. to receive Mr. Blaine's reply. The English and German commissioners will afterwards consider Mr. Blaine's objections and decide upon what policy they shall pursue and upon the attitude which they adopt depends the continuance of the conference.