

DAKOTA LEGISLATURE.

YANKTON, Jan. 12.—The council to-day passed a bill providing that the time when taxes become delinquent be extended from Feb. 1 to May 1.

Judiciary—Roberts, Washburn and Jerald. Education—Bordick, Walsh and Ziebach. Elections—Jerald, Dewey and Burdick.

Appropriations—Ziebach, Burdick and Walsh. Railroads—Nichols, Washburn and McIntosh.

Territorial Affairs—Jackson, Nichols and McIntosh. Counties—Walsh, McIntosh and Ziebach.

Public Printing—Washburn, Jackson and Roberts. Mines and Minerals—Washburn, Donaldson and Nichols.

Charitable and Penal Institutions—Dewey, Jackson and Nichols. Agriculture—McIntosh, Donaldson and Jackson.

Enrolled and Regressed Bills—Donaldson, Jerald and Burdick. Immigration—Jackson, Jerald and Roberts.

Militia—Dewey, Jackson and Roberts. Incorporations—McIntosh, Dewey and Donaldson.

Enrolled—Scobey, Nichols and Jackson. THE HOUSE COMMITTEES.

Judiciary—Stirling, Rice, Bowman, Pratt, Wagner, Nowlin and Inman.

Education—McIntosh, Tychsen, Harvey, Bowman and Inman.

Ways and Means—Alrod, Rice, Robinson, Wynn, Choteau.

Counties, Townships and Cities—Nelson, Warner, Robinson, Harvey, Benson, Alfred, Choteau.

Public Printing—Wynn, Alfred, Rice, Nelson, Nowlin.

Enrolled and Regressed Bills—Hansen, McAllister, Ryan, Schaefer, Choteau.

Territorial Affairs—Wagner, Tychsen, Ellis, Van Wert, Thompson.

Agriculture—Ellis, Tychsen, McAllister, Van Wert, Rinehart.

Banking and Insurance—Inman, Benson, Schaefer, Towner, Bowman.

Mines and Mining—Bowman, Rinehart, Choteau, Benson, Wynn.

Railroads—Inman, Stirling, Wagner, Nelson, Bowman, Tychsen, Robinson, Nowlin, Pratt, Nowlin, Inman.

Charitable and Penal Institutions—Wynn, Robinson, Harvey, Rice, Rinehart.

Highways, Bridges and Ferries—Pratt, McAllister, Wagoner, Rice, Rinehart.

the hospital for the insane at Yankton made a similar demand upon the legislators, and last Friday has been settled upon as the day. They will ride out to the hospital, examine the institution, eat a good dinner, and make speeches.

At present there are but four such attorneys, who cannot possibly attend to the necessary business, and the counties are compelled to employ counsel whenever the occasion arises.

ABOLISH THAT DISTRICT ATTORNEY. At present there are but four such attorneys, who cannot possibly attend to the necessary business, and the counties are compelled to employ counsel whenever the occasion arises.

YANKTON, Dak., Jan. 18.—Joint resolutions were passed to-day thanking the people of Sioux Falls and Vermillion, Minn., for their generous contribution to the cause of the University of Dakota.

YANKTON, Dak., Jan. 15.—The legislature met this morning and adjourned until 2 o'clock to-morrow. The entire body, with Gov. Ordway, Wallace L. Dow, chairman of the penitentiary board, and other officials, left Yankton at 9 o'clock for Sioux Falls in a special train, which General Manager Merrill had provided for the occasion.

ON THE SPOT. SIOUX FALLS, Dak., Jan. 15.—At a few minutes past 1 o'clock this afternoon the excursion train containing the members of both houses of the Dakota legislature, the governor and citizens of Yankton, in all numbering at least 200, arrived and passed at once through the city to the penitentiary grounds.

WASHINGTON SPECIAL. The house committee on public lands agreed to report for favorable action the bill providing for the additional land districts in Dakota.

THE JAMES RIVER navigation company has been organized, to run a daily line of boats from Columbia to Grand Rapids.

THE REPORT of the land office of Grand Forks shows that receipts for the year were \$702,831. The amount of freight received and shipped from Grand Forks is \$12,867,297; received for same \$350,886.67.

CONSIDERABLE excitement prevails here over the mysterious disappearance of E. L. Smith, a farmer living a few miles north of Valley City, but temporarily residing in town.

YANKTON, Dak., Jan. 16.—The legislature and officials, who went to Sioux Falls yesterday, to inspect the penitentiary and returned to-day immensely pleased with Sioux Falls, the people and the penitentiary.

YANKTON, Dak., Jan. 17.—The Dakota legislators are making preparations to get down to business. The board of directors of the penitentiary felt that a visit on the part of the legislature to Sioux Falls was a duty the latter owed the directors.

YANKTON, Dak., Jan. 16.—The legislature and officials, who went to Sioux Falls yesterday, to inspect the penitentiary and returned to-day immensely pleased with Sioux Falls, the people and the penitentiary.

YANKTON, Dak., Jan. 17.—The Dakota legislators are making preparations to get down to business. The board of directors of the penitentiary felt that a visit on the part of the legislature to Sioux Falls was a duty the latter owed the directors.

YANKTON, Dak., Jan. 16.—The legislature and officials, who went to Sioux Falls yesterday, to inspect the penitentiary and returned to-day immensely pleased with Sioux Falls, the people and the penitentiary.

YANKTON, Dak., Jan. 17.—The Dakota legislators are making preparations to get down to business. The board of directors of the penitentiary felt that a visit on the part of the legislature to Sioux Falls was a duty the latter owed the directors.

OLD SAYINGS.

- As blunt as a beetle. As sharp as a lance. As grave as a preaching. As gay as a dance. As late as the gloamin'. As like as two peas. As crook'd as a ram's horn. As round as a cheese. As flat as a flounder. As sickly as gum. As wide as a common. As tight as a drum. As white as a miller. As black as a crow. As lean as a grayhound. As bent as a handbox. As frail as a bandbox. As stout as an oak. As queer as a Quaker. As game as a cock. As cute as a lawyer. As square as a die. As keen as a razor. As warm as a pie. As drunk as a piper. As sober as a judge. As clean as a shaving. As filthy as smudge. As swift as an arrow. As slow as a snail. As blithe as a linnet. As right as the mail.

HIS YOUNG WIFE.

"Well, Aunt Antonia, what do you think of her?" Mr. Wayland had just come home from business, and met his aunt in the snug little drawing-room, where the red plush curtains hung in such vivid folds, and the fire glowed in the twilight like a crimson jewel.

And now that Aunt Antonia had returned from the south, he had looked forward to her visit with a sense of happy exultation. "She will take a mother's place to my motherless Zoe," he thought, "and she can not help admiring the dear little thing."

And so he had hurried home from his business upon this particular evening to feast his ears on Aunt Antonia's tribute of delight and homage to Zoe's charms. Aunt Antonia was a tall, rather stiff, elderly lady, in black silk, with compact little bunches of gray curls on either side of her face, gold spectacles, and a mouth which seemed to screw itself together, instead of closing like other people's lips.

"I think, Rufus," said she, sepulchrally, "that you have married a child!" "Well, she is young," admitted the husband, laughing. "But she is such a darling!" "She can't be twenty," said Aunt Antonia. "And so uninformed!" added the old lady, who had a way of heaving up deep sighs from the lower regions of her lungs at the end of every sentence, which was, to say the least of it, depressing.

"You mean—" "No system," said Aunt Antonia. "No definite aim in life! No logic!" "But," pleaded Rufus Wayland, "what does she want of system, and logic, and all that sort of thing?" "Sitting on the rug reading fairy-tales," said Aunt Antonia, "like a baby! And then confessing, but not out to me, without so much as a blush of shame, that she has never read Milton's 'Paradise Regained,' and is quite ignorant of Shakespeare!" Any ten-year-old child ought to be ashamed to own such flagrant ignorance. And when I asked her about the aid societies and charitable clubs in the neighborhood, she couldn't give me a single item of information, but kissed me, and wanted me to eat chocolate-creams out of a pink-satin box!"

Mr. Wayland laughed. "That is just like Zoe," he said. "And the next instant Zoe herself came into the room—a beautiful young creature, with golden hair, bound carelessly with blue ribbons of ribbon (in a way which Aunt Antonia secretly pronounced "crazy fashion"), a pale blue silk dress and the prettiest of high-heeled French slippers."

"Tea is ready, Rufus," she said; "and we've made a real Maryland syllabub for Aunt Antonia." "Could there be anything prettier or more lovable—the young husband asked himself—than this gold-tressed fairy who flitted about the room, seeming to create a sweet home atmosphere wherever she went—this dimpled little plaything who knelt on the rug, playing with the cat, and never attempted to follow the thread of the conversation while Aunt Antonia and her nephew discussed the Concord school of philosophy and criticized the latest poem?"

"Because, you know, I'm not literary," confessed Zoe, as she drew a rosebud about the carpet to attract the antics of pussy, and laughed a peal of sweet, girlish laughter, when the rosebud was captured at last. "But Mr. Wayland was a little graver than usual that evening, after Aunt Antonia and her candle had disappeared, with a majesty not unworthy of Lady Macbeth, into her own apartments, which Zoe had filled with flowers, old China, Turkey rugs, and all manner of pretty trifles. Was Zoe really frivolous or was it that Aunt Antonia's higher plane of life dwarfed her narrow circle of existence?"

"Zoe," said he, "you must have a great deal of time!" "Oh, plenty!" said the bride innocently. "Don't you think you could go through a course of reading, which my aunt will

mark out for you. Every lady reads nowadays."

"But I read, too," said Zoe, with wide open blue eyes. "Solid literature, I mean," corrected her husband. "The English classics—all that sort of thing." Zoe dropped her head. "I suppose so," said she slowly. "Of course, I know that you are a dear little housekeeper," went on Rufus; "but my aunt reminds me that we ought not to confine our sympathies within the narrow range of our daily existence."

"I don't understand," said Zoe. "Aunt Antonia will explain," said Rufus. "There are always clubs to join, mutual improvement societies to organize, charitable associations to form. And when you have once tasted the pleasures of these improving occupations—" "Oh, yes, I know!" said Zoe. "And I will try my best to do as you wish, Rufus."

But there was the shadow of new gravity on the infantine face, a pensive intonation of the voice, which Rufus Wayland had never heard before. Aunt Antonia went to the book store, and ordered home huge editions of the classics. She began a daily course of reading with her nephew's wife; she initiated her into the mysteries of clubs, societies, symposiums, until the day became all too short for her engagements. "Your wife is improving," she said, to Rufus. "I really think she is awakening to a sense of the responsibilities of a woman in the nineteenth century at last."

And Rufus kissed the peach-like dimpled cheek, and congratulated Zoe on her mental advance. But somehow the home was not so sweet and cozy. An impalpable something was missing—the influence which had followed Zoe's light footsteps through the rooms, the glass of flowers here, the looped curtains there, the bird-cage hung in the sunshine, the delicate dish prepared by Zoe's own fingers, the whipped cream, the licent fruit, the carefully cut-up fruits—all the pretty quaint devices which had descended to this young housekeeper through a long line of Maryland ancestors.

They had been very pleasant. Rufus Wayland had enjoyed them as we enjoy the sweet air and sunshine, without pausing to think whence they came; and he missed them now. But, all of a sudden, the delicate little flower drooped, as a blue-bell droops after a sharp September frost. "I am not sick," said Zoe; "oh, no! But I feel as if there wasn't any more strength left in me. I think I won't get up to-day; I'll lay in bed and rest. No, no; don't send for a doctor! I don't need medicine, I only need rest."

Aunt Antonia stared. Herself strong as an iron machine, it had never occurred to her that all natures were not cast in the same enduring mould. But the old family doctor looked grave and shook his gray head. "She has overdone herself," he said. "The results may be serious. Put away her books; don't so much as speak to her about classics or societies."

And Aunt Antonia had never, in the course of her whole life, felt such a pang as when doctor whispered his impression that little Zoe must, probably drift away from them into the unknown world as the autumn creep on. "But there is nothing the matter with her!" pleaded she, with a mistgathering over the oval of her glasses. "That is precisely the sort of case that we physicians find most difficult to deal with," said Doctor Deau.

And one day Zoe put her soft transparent, little hand out upon that of her husband. "I am not asleep," said she. "Don't keep so quiet. But sometimes my speech and mind seem to float away from me, and so I had perhaps better tell you now how sorry I am that I have been such a disappointment to you!" "A disappointment! Zoe; my treasure!" cried out Rufus. "I never could have been a nice lady, like Aunt Antonia," whispered Zoe; "it wasn't in me. They were killing me, those dreadful curls, and the long, long pages of blank verse, and the tiresome plays of Shakespeare, which I never understood. Tell her it was very kind of her to try and reform me for your sake, dear; but it never could have been done. But I loved you, darling, oh, so well! If I had been Sir Isaac Newton himself, I couldn't have loved you any better. Always remember that, won't you, dear? And now I'll try and sleep a little."

Aunt Antonia looked blankly at her nephew, as the soft lids drooped over the big, blue eyes. "We have made a mistake!" she whispered. "Yes," said Rufus Wayland, hoarsely, "we have made a mistake; and if it has lost me my little Zoe, I shall never forgive myself!" And Aunt Antonia felt like a criminal. But Zoe didn't die. With tender nursing and constant care she recovered; and when she was well enough to travel, Rufus Wayland took her to the bright Azores.

"Hang Milton and Shakespeare!" said he. "Confusion seize all these mental improvement association and intellectual saturnalia! Put 'em all together, I don't value them as much as one golden hair of Zoe's dear little head. You can't make a stately ibis out of a humming-bird, and I love my dear little wife just as she is, for what she is!" "You're quite sure you wouldn't have me any different?" said Zoe, artlessly. "My dear," said the young husband, "if you were like Aunt Antonia—who, thank fortune has gone with a socializing society somewhere up to the North Pole—I should commit suicide."

And Zoe laughed the old, sweet laugh and was once more happy again.

FIELD AND FARM.

Sheep skins with wool on can be cured by this process: Take a teaspoonful of alum and one of saltpetre; pulverize and mix well; sprinkle the powder well on the flesh side of the skin and fold the skin with wool out and hang in a dry place. In two or three days, or when dry, take it down and scrape it with a blunt knife until clean and rub till supple. It to be colored the wool should be well washed with soap and water and dried with any dyestuff used for colored woolen goods. You can get the aniline dyes of any desired color at the drug store, with directions for using.

The Scientific American is quoted as saying that coal varnish applied to the soles of shoes, and repeated as it dries until the pores are filled and the surface shines like polished mahogany, will make the shoes waterproof, and last as long as the uppers. "One of the best things we have seen for farm boots," says the New England Farmer, "is an outer sole, or tap, of wood, thoroughly dried, soaked in linseed oil, and screwed to the bottom of the boot. It isn't elegant, but it does keep the cold from striking through the bottom of the boot."

In Atlanta and in other parts of Georgia "nigger's turkey" is the name applied to the head of a box. A man who bought a thousand of them for gratuitous distribution on Christmas was furnished the "nigger's turkey." It furnishes more meat for less money than anything else, and there are few things juicier or better. It is easier to cook, needs less trimming, and will impart its savor to a bigger portion of truck than any chunk of meat of like size. You can eat every bit of it but the teeth and the linges of the jawbone.

Prof. J. W. Deal, of the Michigan Agricultural college, reports to the New York Tribune the results of his experiments in post setting, which quite upset the old theory that posts should be set small and close to prevent rotting. His average results indicate that inverted posts is of no value. He set stakes of thirteen kinds of timber in 1879, some in well-drained sand and others in clay soil. The result at the present time is that a portion of the inverted posts are slightly rotted, the others, while another portion rotted somewhat sooner; and in a considerable number no difference is seen. On a fair average the result is the same. The slight variations, where they occur, are doubtless owing to external causes, operating on the soil or the wood.

Household Miscellany. A Good Remedy for Warts and Corns—Drop a little vinegar on the wart or corn, cover it immediately with cooking soda or saleratus; let it remain ten minutes. Repeat several times a day for three days and the warts and corns will be gone. The French plan of economizing eggs in "breading" croquettes, oysters, etc., is to mix a tablespoonful of salad oil and one of water to three eggs, with a pinch of salt. Good American cooks simply add a tablespoonful of cold water to each egg. It will still be glutinous enough for frying.

Spirits of ammonia, diluted with water, if applied with a sponge or flannel to discolored spots of the carpet, or garment, will often restore the color. Lip Salve—Take equal parts of almond or olive oil and the best white wax. Melt the two together in a cup set in hot water. Add a little alkane root tied in a bit of muslin, and put in while the salve is hot; this colors it pink. Oil of bergamot or lavender may be added, if desired, to perfume it. Cold Cream—Melt together one drachm of white wax, one of spermaceti, and two ounces of olive oil. Add two ounces of rose water and half an ounce of orange-flower water. Rub together until they are thoroughly incorporated, and the mixture is of the consistency of cream.

Ordinary brown paper, such as is used for wrapping parcels, is being employed in some of the best houses of England for covering the walls of the dining-room. The use of the neutral tint and castling paper is by no means infrequent in this country, and the effect is excellent, especially where the material is used in conjunction with a somewhat decorative frieze.

The Danger of Kissing. A pretty girl presented herself the other day at a clinic in one of the hospitals of Vienna and asked to be examined, explaining that she had suddenly become deaf in one ear, and none of her friends could account for the unexpected affliction. Prof. Gruber kindly replied that she would see what he could do, and accordingly began to question her as to the circumstances immediately attending the appearance of her deafness. After much hesitation and many blushes, or rather one prolonged blush, the girl at last confessed that when her lover returned after a long absence he took her in his arms, and pressing his mouth to her ear, confessed upon that organ a most violent and vigorous kiss. At that instant she felt a sharp pain, and had been deaf ever since. The professor made an examination, and found that the drum of the ear had actually been ruptured, and there is no reason to doubt that the kiss did it. The only consolation suggested after recording this painful incident is that it need never be repeated if ardent lovers will only remember that a kind Providence has provided a feature far more kissable than the ear, and one which no amount of osculatory demonstration has been known to injure.

Growth of the Dairy. The dairy business took a new impetus about ten years ago about Elgin, Ill. At the close of 1872, at the organization of the Northwestern Dairymen's association, the men engaged in the business about that inland city saw the necessity of protecting their business by union and organization. Until this time merchants and jobbers had their way and established prices. The few and feeble dairymen organized a board of trade. They had their butter brought together where persons from abroad or at home could see and buy. By the character of their butter and cheese they soon gained a good credit abroad, so that on the sale days of the Butter and Cheese board of trade large numbers of wholesale buyers flocked there. At their first sale the surroundings were so favorable that success was insured. The first sale in November, 1872, amounted to \$87,000; in 1873 to \$368,000; in 1875 to \$490,000; in 1876 to \$707,000; in 1877 to \$1,050,000; in 1881 their aggregated sales were \$2,210,000, and this year it is said it will be made up of numbers of last year. The statement made that this does not cover half of the dairy business surrounding Elgin, but that within a radius of fifty miles of that little city the value of the milk, butter and cheese purchased there during 1882 will exceed \$9,000,000. A large part of this is from milk shipped from Elgin to Chicago. And there are a dozen cities in Iowa each of which can do the same thing.

The judge of probate of Clay county, has written to the attorney general, asking if the county commissioners of Clay county may not fix bisyllary on a computation of population based on the last vote of the county or otherwise. The reply of the attorney general was concise and pointed out the fact that the law based population on the last census, with an annual addition of 5 per cent, computed by the county auditor, and further, that it did not lay in the power of county commissioners or others to modify or change the laws. The probate judge remarked that Moorehead was growing so rapidly that a computation of population from the last vote would show an increase over the result gotten at in a legal way.

At St. Louis an Irishman known as drunk Jack Sheenan was locked up on charge of having murdered his son James, a lad of 17 years. It seems Sheenan went home drunk, quarreled with his wife, drove her out of doors, and is then said by one of his little children to have struck his son James, who was lying sick in bed, a heavy blow in the chest which shortly afterward resulted in death.