

DAKOTA NEWS NOTES.

At Deadwood, Bill Ray was convicted of manslaughter in the second degree. He killed a man who stole his horses, and resisted arrest.

Sugar cane has been raised successfully in Dickey county this year.

At Fargo Mrs. Ed. Connell fired at the burglar who was trying to break into her house, and scared the fellow away.

A rusty gun and the skeleton of a man were recently found near New Rockford.

At Grafton, Annie Feldman was shot and killed by the accidental discharge of a gun she found in the granary, placed there by her brother.

Horse thieves attempted to take the stock of Thomas Nelson, near Grand Forks. They were fired at and one of them hit, but they all got away.

At Caledonia, F. M. Bish was engaged in oiling a shaft, in the Goose River mills, when by accident, his foot slipped throwing Mr. Bish between two rapidly revolving cog-wheels, causing instant death.

The G. H. Thomas post, G. A. R., at Redfield, have arranged for a reunion of veterans at that place on Sept. 10, 11 and 12. Preparation has been made for the accommodation of 3,000 soldiers.

At Emerson, Manitoba, a stock company has been organized to build elevators and buy Minnesota and Dakota wheat and ship it via the Canadian Pacific to Port Arthur, and thence to England via the lakes.

The labor of the Dakota penitentiary at Sioux Falls has been leased to McFarland & West of Chicago, and will be employed in the manufacture of boots and shoes.

Judge Edgerton has made Sanborn county a judicial subdivision, and hereafter terms of court will be held at the county seat.

A Huron, special says: The territorial normal institute began in the university at Vermillion yesterday morning in charge of Prof. McLowth of Michigan. The normal school will continue two weeks, and is free to all.

Crops around Belfield are a total loss from the recent storm. A strange coincidence is the fact that just a year ago on the same day and at the same hour the remarkable tornado of 1883 swept over Belfield, demolishing nine houses and otherwise causing much damage.

Dr. Pardee, while at Clear Lake last week, secured two additional \$10,000 subscriptions to the endowment fund of the Mitchell university, one from Dr. Brush and the other from Elder Hart-sough. This swells the total endowment pledged to nearly \$100,000.

The new directory of Fargo contains 3,332 names, and on that the local papers claim a population of 11,662.

Ed Gardner, of Clay county, has 175 bearing apple trees.

The first wheat brought to the Menoken elevator this year was by Miss Bell, who delivered 172 bushels of No. 1 hard, the product of seven acres put in by herself last spring. Miss Bell formerly taught school at Sims, but believing farming more profitable, took a claim last spring with the above result.

The Tyndall Tribune says N. M. McDuffie, the granger school master who rented the Dunlap farm near Bon Homme, skipped the country this week. He mortgaged about fifty head of stock belonging to Mr. Dunlap for \$825 and left with his family for parts unknown.

A Turner county justice of the peace recently granted a divorce and awarded alimony. The court agreed that as he had power to marry people, he had power to unmarry them, and would not hear to any monkey work about jurisdiction in such a plain case.

The First National bank at Larimore, the stockholders of which organized and established the Nelson County bank at Lakota, have sold the latter institution to F. J. Kane, George Martin and Mowbray S. Northcote, who will increase the capital to \$100,000.

Charles Hughes and John Brown, indicted and convicted of participation in the robbery of a German emigrant named Schramm, near Sturgis, some months ago, have been sentenced to the penitentiary for life. Their pal, Fiddler, was lynched at the time the crime was committed.

Business of the Fargo land office for the week ending Aug. 22: Homesteads, 7 filings, 1,120 acres; tree claims, 5 filings, 800 acres; declaratory statements, 8 filings, 1,280 acres; soldiers declaratory statements, none; final proofs, 65 filings, 10,400 acres. Totals, 85 filings, 13,600 acres. Total cash receipts, \$13,803.50. Contest cases 11.

The territorial board of equalization has just finished its labors. The increase in the total assessment of the territory is this year \$10,000,000 more than last, notwithstanding the fact that the assessors universally placed a lower valuation upon all property. At the same ratio of valuation the total assessment this year, instead of \$80,000,000, would have been \$100,000,000.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

She was a Russian lady, the Countess Marie Baranow, a very great lady, exquisitely handsome, you know how beautiful they seem to us, with their fine noses, delicate mouths, eyes rather close together and of indescribable grayish blue, and that cold grace of theirs, a little severe. They have something about them at once wicked and seductive, haughty and gentle, tender and harsh, which is very charming to a Frenchman. But, after all, it may be only the difference of race and type which causes me to see so much in them.

Her physician had for several years tried to induce her to settle in the south of France, as he observed that she was threatened with consumption. But she obstinately refused to leave St. Petersburg. Finally, last autumn, believing her life at stake, the doctor warned her husband, who immediately ordered his wife to leave for Menton. She took the train, choosing to remain all by herself in the car, while her servants occupied another compartment. She leaned out at the door, a little sad, as she watched the fields and villages passing by—feeling herself very isolated, very lonely in that life of hers, without children, almost without relatives, with a husband whose love had grown cold, and who was sending her thus far away to another part of the world, without as much as offering to accompany her—just as he would send a sick patient to the hospital.

At each station her servant Ivan regularly came to the door to find if his mistress needed anything. He was an aged domestic, blindly devoted to her, and ready to fulfill any order that she could possibly give him. Night came on, and the train was rushing forward at full speed. She could not sleep, for excess of nervousness. Suddenly the idea occurred to her to count the money her husband had placed in her hand at the last moment, in gold coin of France. She opened her little bag and emptied the shining mass of metal into her lap. Just then a whiff of cold air smote her in the face. She lifted her head in surprise. The door of the railroad car had just opened. Hastily the Countess Marie dropped her shawl over the money lying in her lap and waited. A second later a man entered, bareheaded, wounded in his hand, panting violently and attired in evening full dress. He closed the door, sat down, gazed at his neighbor with glittering eyes and commenced to bind a handkerchief about his bleeding wrist.

The young woman felt herself ready to faint with fear. That man certainly must have seen her counting the gold, and he had come in only to rob and murder her. He kept his gaze upon her, still out of breath as he was, his face working strangely, as though he were preparing to leap upon her. Then he said sharply: "Don't be afraid, madam!" She could not speak; there was a sound of buzzing in her ears, and she could hear her own heart beat. He spoke again. "I am not a criminal, madam."

Speechless with fear, she could answer nothing, but in the sudden movement of her start at the sound of his voice her knees coming together caused the gold to trickle down upon the floor piece by piece, as the water trickles from a spout. The man observed with surprise the falling stream of gold pieces, and suddenly bent down to pick them up. Then, wild with fear, she rose to her feet, dropping all her fortune on the floor, and rushed toward the entrance to leap out upon the track. But he comprehended what she was going to do, and turning, seized her in his arms, reseated her by force, and grasping her wrists, exclaimed:

"Listen to me, madam. I am not a robber; and the proof is that I am going to pick up all your money and give it back to you. But I am a lost man—I am a dead man—if you do not aid me to pass the frontier. I can tell you nothing more. In another hour we shall reach the last Russian station; in one hour and twenty minutes we shall cross the frontier line. If you do not succor me, I am lost. And nevertheless, madam, I swear to you that I have not killed anybody, stole anything, or done one dishonorable act. This I swear to you. But I cannot tell you anything more."

And, going down upon his knees he picked up every coin to the very last, seeking the gold pieces under the benches, and grasping after those which had rolled into obscure places. Then, when the little leather bag was full again, he handed it to his neighbor without a word, and retired to a corner of the car, where he sat down. Neither of them made the least movement. She remained motionless and dumb, still faint with terror, but gradually becoming calm. As for him, he made not a gesture, not a sign; he remained sitting erect and immobile, with eyes looking straight before him, and so pale that she seemed to be dead. From time to time she cast a quick side glance at him, which was as quickly turned away. He was a man of about thirty, very handsome, with all the outward appearance of a gentleman.

The train rushed on through the

darkness, flinging out its piercing shrieks to the night, sometimes slackening its pace a moment, only to start off again under full steam. But at last its course became steadily slow, it whistled several times, and stopped short.

Ivan appeared at the door to receive orders.

The Countess Marie gave a final look at her strange traveling companion, and then said brusquely to her servant: "Ivan, thou wilt now return to the count; I shall have no more need of thee."

Stupefied, the man opened his eyes enormously. He began to stammer out:

"But—Varine!" "No, thou shalt not come; I have changed my mind; I prefer thou shouldst remain in Russia. Here, this is the money to pay thy way. Give me thy cap and cloak, quickly?"

Dumbfounded, the old servant took off his cap and cloak, obeying without a word—accustomed as he was to the sudden whims and irresistible caprice of masters. And he went away with tears in his eyes.

Again the train started, making for the frontier.

Then the Countess Marie said to her neighbor:

"These things are for you, sir. You are now my servant, Ivan. I place but one condition upon what I do—namely, that you never speak to me, that you do not utter one single word, neither to thank me, nor for any other cause whatsoever."

The stranger bowed without speaking.

Soon they stopped again; and uniform officials entered the train. The countess showed them her papers, and pointing to the man seated in the further end of the car, said:

"This is my servant Ivan, and this is his passport."

The train moved on.

For the rest of the night they sat alone together, without speaking.

At dawn, as they halted at a German station, the stranger got out. Then, standing near the window of the car door, he said:

"Pardon me, madam, for breaking my promise, but as I have deprived you of your servant, it is just that I should replace him. Do you need anything?" She replied, coldly:

"Go and tell my waiting maid to come."

He did so, and disappeared.

But later on, when she got out to take some refreshments, she saw him standing at a distance, watching her. And they arrived at Menton.

The doctor paused at this stage of the story. After a few moments, he resumed:

Well, one day, as I was receiving clients in my office, a fine, tall man came in, who said to me:

"Doctor, I come to ask you for news of the Countess Marie Baranow. I am—although she does not know me—a friend of her husband."

I replied:

"There is no hope for her, I regret to say. She will never return to Russia."

And all of a sudden the man burst into a passion of sobs; then he rose, and staggered from the room like a drunken man.

The same evening I told the Countess that a stranger had called at my office to inquire about her health. She seemed to be affected, and then told me the whole story just as I told it to you. And she added:

"That man, whom I do not know, now follows me everywhere, like my own shadow. I meet him every time I go out; he looks at me in a strange way, but never speaks."

She paused thoroughly a moment, and then exclaimed:

"See! I am willing to wager that he is this moment before the window."

She rose from her reclining chair, went to the window, lifted the curtain aside, and there, sure enough was the man who had come to my office—sitting on a bench of the public promenade, with eyes fixed on the windows of the residence. He observed us, rose, and walked away without once turning to look.

Then I became the witness of a very astonishing thing—the mute love of those two beings, neither of whom knew the other.

He loved her with the devotion of a rescued animal—grateful and devoted to the death. He came every day to see me, with the question, "How is she?"—comprehending that I had divined his secret. And he used to weep fearfully at seeing her passing by, whiter and weaker every day.

She would say to me:

"I only spoke once to that singular man, and it seems to me as though I had known him for twenty years."

And whenever they met she returned his salute with a grave and tender smile. I felt that she was happy, all lonely as she was, and knowing herself doomed to die—I knew that she felt happy just at being loved in that strange way, with such respect and such constancy, with such supreme devotion. And for all that, still obstinate in her exaltation, she persistently and desperately refused to receive him, to learn his name, or to speak to him. She would always say:

"No, no! it would spoil this strange friendship. We must always remain unknown to each other."

weakness, she would get up from her reclining chair and peep through the curtains to see if he was there—under her window. And when she had seen him, always, sitting motionless on his bench, she would go back and lie down with a smile on her lips.

She died at last one morning—about 10 o'clock. As I was leaving the house I saw him hastening to me, with agony in his face—he already knew all.

"I would like to look at her for one second," he said, "in your presence."

I took his arm and re-entered the house.

When he found himself beside the death-bed he seized her hand and kissed it with an interminable kiss, then he rushed away like a mad man.

The doctor paused again, and added:

"This is certainly the strangest railroad adventure I ever knew. And I must say it taught me what queer fools men can be."

"Then a woman murmured in a half-audible voice:

"Those two people were not so foolish as you think—they were—they were—"

But she cried so that she could not speak. And as they changed the subject of conversation in order to calm her, no one ever knew what she had been trying to say.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Town Run by Natural Gas

"Our glass factory and our residences are heated and lighted with natural gas," said Captain James B. Ford, the veteran plate glass manufacturer, a few days ago, to your correspondent at the Monongahela House, Pittsburg.

"Do you mean that the furnaces of your foundry and the grates of your houses consume only gas?"

"Yes. Not a pound of coal or wood is consumed at Creighton, where the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company have their plant. Come out and I'll show you."

So to Creighton, 20 miles north of Pittsburg, on the Allegheny river, and on the "West Penn Road," as people style it, went your correspondent. And what saw he there? Answer, the model community of the age!

Captain Ford, whose round form was so familiar years ago in the cities about the falls, met me, and, without ceremony, escorted me through the town of Creighton. I will use his explanation without quotation marks. Three years ago, believing that a natural flow of gas could be obtained in the valley of the Allegheny north of Pittsburg sufficient to serve the purposes of fuel and light for any manufactory, two hundred acres were purchased and a well was sunk. A well defined coal vein was on the property, but coal was not wanted; gas was, and gas was struck at 1200 feet, in a five-inch bore. A stream, a torrent of pure hydrogen gas, burst out with a force of 250 pounds to the square inch, and the establishment of plate glass works on an economical basis became a fixed fact. Last November the Pittsburg Plate Glass Company was organized.

What I saw is what I wish to speak about. No coal, no wood, no cinders, no ashes, no smoke (think of that), no debris of a factory to be seen anywhere. In the furnaces a lurid, steady heat, regulates like clock work. Overhead, in the vast works, were gas burners ablaze in the broad day, because, as Captain Ford said, "it was not worth while to turn the burners off and on, as there was plenty of gas, and to spare. All through this vast establishment, with its great whirling tables loaded with plate glass undergoing the several processes of polishing, was observable the supreme power of the five-inch pipe of natural gas. The great engine throbbed and moved in perfect regularity all the mechanism of the establishment, actuated by the same simple, natural power. No coal, no ashes, no cinders, no smoke!

"Come to the house and I'll show you how we get along without coal," said Captain Ford.

Wonderingly I followed.

In a charming cottage residence of large capacity, with grate and gaslights in every room and hall, and in the kitchen stove, even, were nothing but fringes of gas jets.

"Last winter, as cold as the winter was we didn't know what cold was," said a lady in this delightful home.

Why should they? A thumbscrew on a gas pipe regulated the temperature to absolute perfection. We live in a fast age. To primitive people, dependent upon coal and wood for heating purposes, whether we get it through cheap stoves, grates, or costly furnaces, what a revelation this nature's gas company is. I am inclined to have a mighty poor opinion of our local gas companies with their millions of capital, when I think of Captain Ford's five-inch pipe stuck in the hills, just beyond the town of Creighton, on the Allegheny river. Nature has quietly been pressed into the most practical and utilitarian methods for man's profit and luxury. The only cloud that arises from this community is formed from steam.

"We don't need to use this steam at all," said Captain Ford. "The natural pressure of the gas, 350 pounds to the square inch, will drive our engines, and we can use the escaping gas just as well for fuel and light. They are doing it below us, and we will soon adopt the same method."—Pittsburg, Pa., Correspondence of Louisville Courier Journal.

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