

DAKOTA TERRITORIAL NOTES.

Pierre is to have \$60,000 worth of water works.

Rapid City voted to issue bonds for \$45,000 for the purpose of establishing a water system.

The body of Edward Peterson was found near Larimore. The cause of his death is unknown.

The order of President Arthur removing the land office to Rapid City has been suspended, and the office will remain at Deadwood.

Marion is building a new Methodist church.

The Fielder Times has been moved to Winnebago City, a new town at the mouth of Chapelle Creek.

Sioux Falls is to have a Free Will Baptist church edifice, making the thirteenth church building in the city.

In the suit of Mathew Laffin of Chicago against Joseph Taylor of Deadwood, charging the latter with swindling him in a mine deal, Taylor was discharged.

The Right Rev. Bishop Marti has left for Europe. During his absence the affairs of the Catholic church in Dakota will be managed by Rev. Father Willard, vicar general.

A taxpayers union, composed of business men, has been formed at Jamestown, for the purpose of securing the adoption of such measures in city government as are deemed advisable.

George Pratt was arrested on Willow creek recently for stealing twenty-six cows from C. Conners, of a Belle Fourche ranch.

Among the improvements already in progress or early promised at Wahpeton are an Episcopal church.

The country residence of Robert Lowry, receiver of the Huron land office, was burned. Loss, \$8,000.

The gold discovered near Bismarck proves to be a combination of granite, porphyry, feldspar, gneiss, hornblende, iron, mica, and yellow pyrites, making a granulated rock without a trace of gold or silver.

B. A. Plummer of Forest City, returned from Clifton with the corpse of his murdered brother, Miles Plummer, his widow and two children.

John Noble has been arrested at Plankinton, charged with making counterfeit dollars, and held in \$500 bonds for trial.

J. E. Wisner, one of the Lisbon rustlers, lately sold one of his farms for 1,000 acres for \$18 an acre, to be paid for in wheat at \$1 a bushel.

A number of the leading citizens of Yankton, Democrats as well as Republicans, called upon Chief Justice Edgerton to express their regret at the charges which have recently been preferred against him.

Judge McCalmont, recently appointed commissioner of customs by President Cleveland, is quite well known in Valley City. He is owner of some land in Barnes county, and during the past few years has been a regular visitor to Dakota and Valley City.

A young man named Holbrook has been arrested in Bismarck, charged with sodomy. His brother was arrested a year ago for incest.

Dr. George Vesey of Clinton, Sully county, committed suicide by taking poison. No cause is assigned.

Parties at Fargo obtained a warrant for the arrest of one W. D. Hawkins of Peoria, Ill., for obtaining from R. W. Coleman, an attorney at Moorhead, \$50 by falsely representing that he had a large amount in a St. Paul bank to meet the check given for the money. Hawkins was taken back to Fargo on a requisition.

The past few weeks prairie fires have been very numerous in the central and southern regions, and where there has not been special care to protect buildings they have suffered.

About two months ago Edward Chamberlain disappeared from Moore's ranch, at Dogden, in Sheridan county, sixty miles northwest from Bismarck. Two weeks ago Nathan Moore, owner of the ranch, was arrested on suspicion of murdering Chamberlain. Moore, when arrested, said when Chamberlain left the ranch he went after two lost ponies and he believed Chamberlain was either frozen to death or had skipped the country. Moore is from Minnesota and has relatives at Sauk Rapids, Minn.

Gov. Pierce has issued the following: At the earnest request of many citizens in various sections of the territory, a proclamation from this office naming the 15th of April as Arbor day is hereby changed to Saturday, April 25.

At Yankton the fiftieth anniversary of Rev. Dr. Hoyt's connection with the board of domestic mission, congratulatory services were held in the Episcopal church. Bishop Hare and many of the clergy of Southern Dakota were present. Dr. Hoyt was the first pastor of an Episcopal church in this territory.

SEPARATION.

A wall was grown up between the two—
A strong, thick wall, though all unseen;
None knew when the first stones were laid,
Nor how the wall was built, I ween.

And so their lives were wide apart,
Although they shared one board, one bed;
A careless eye saw naught amiss,
Yet each was to the other dead.

He, much absorbed in work and gain,
Grew soon unmindful of his loss;
A hard indifference worse than hate,
Changed love's pure gold to worthless dross.

She suffered tortures all untold;
Too proud to mourn, too strong to die;
The wall pressed heavily on her heart;
Her white face showed her misery.

Such walls are growing day by day
'Twixt man and wife, 'twixt friend and friend—
Would they could know, who lightly build,
How sad and bitter is the end.

A careless word, an unkind thought,
A slight neglect, a taunting tone—
Such things as these, before we know,
Have laid the wall's foundation stone.

ON SHIPBOARD.

"Well—perhaps—some time." The words fall slowly and falteringly from a pair of beautiful spirited lips.

"Some time."

With emphasis proportioned to the negative character of the hesitating consent, comes the echo—"Sometime!" And Dacre Farleighstone's whole attitude bespeaks of despair. "Some time! Only that! Why, some time we shall all die and our bodies shall be given up to the worms. Some time we shall—if we are so unfortunate as to live long enough—grow hoary-headed and become the victims of gout and dyspepsia. You might as well say never, Dolly."

"Well, then, make it never," says Dolly, pretending to pout.

"Do you really mean that?" asks Dacre, in a tone of tragic despair; because, if you do—

"I think you are just as mean as you can be!" exclaims Miss Dolly, interrupting him, and springing to her feet in a decided manner, "to make up a quarrel out of nothing." Here the young lady comes to a sudden stop. Her witching eyes are fixed upon the face before her, and the dismay depicted thereon is too much for her, despite her determination to appear seriously indignant.

She bursts into hearty laughter.

"One would think, to see your face, that you were going straight to your execution," she cries.

"And if I were, it would still be sport for you, I suppose?" murmurs this crushed young man, turning away with an air of resigned melancholy.

The scene of this dialogue is on board an ocean steamer, bound for Liverpool.

They are on that portion of the deck which seems particularly adapted for stolen tete-a-tetes, at the stern end of the vessel, their seats being protected by the state-rooms.

The wind is gradually rising, however, and it is no easy matter to preserve dignity amidst the noise of the roar and creaking, and the dishevelment of attire consequent upon its furious attacks. Dolly has to raise her voice in order to make her lover hear, and as she turns, on her way to the cabin, she shows herself a very poor sailor. The rolling of the ship and the wind together make her stagger backward, gasping for breath. The creamy shawl, the corner of which has served as a hood for her hair, is blown out like a balloon, and in her frantic efforts to secure it, Dolly stumbles against her lover, who hesitates not to make the most of this opportunity, and throwing his arms about her, draws her back into shelter.

"Tell me, Dolly, do you mean it?" he whispers, his cheek close to hers.

"Mean what?" asked Dolly, in malicious innocence.

"Why, you know—that you intend to keep me waiting forever and ever before you will marry me."

"I don't say so," says Dolly, a preverse twinkle still lingering in her eye, though her cheeks have deepened from wild-rose pink to the hue of a crimson queen-rose. "Please let me go," with a delicious pout and downward fall of pearly, brown-fringed eyelids.

"I shall not," cries the determined young man following up his advantage, "until you promise me that when we both go to America next fall you will marry me one month after our arrival."

"I shall not promise you anything, sir," cries Dolly, really becoming wroth, until you let me go."

"Then kiss me, and I will," says Dacre.

A rebellious smile conquers the seriousness of the small rosy face; an uncontrollable smile which shows this audacious youth that he has come off victor. He has not besieged the citadel of fair Miss Thornburn's heart in vain.

A stolen upward glance from Dolly, and that first kiss for which he had longed, but has never ventured to take, is his.

After which Dolly makes a wild dash away from him.

"One moment, darling—just one!" cries Dacre.

"Oh, please—Dacre—I mean yes, yes, I will promise. Only you must give me one year. One year from to-day I will—"

"Marry me?"

"Yes. Now, please—"

And after Dacre has stolen another kiss, he suddenly finds himself alone. Nor does Miss Dolly make herself visible again that day.

While her fiance wanders about, by turns important and happy, and restless and miserable.

It is night—deep, dark midnight, unlit by moon or stars, tumultuous with high wind and rain.

The vessel is due in port on the early morning, yet these winds which have been her annoyance since she left New York have made her three days' extra labor before she will arrive at her destination.

The captain laughs tonight with his social passengers, yet goes to his stateroom and looks anxious.

The hours wear on, and when all are sleeping their soundest, there comes a crunch—a heavy lurch, and the passengers are thrown out of their berths.

They flock on deck, to be lashed with rain and breaking sea. They see faint lights on the shore.

"Are they making an attempt to land in this sea?" they ask.

"No. We are stranded. The lights are on—head shoals—"

The signal-guns are sounding—the signal station men have responded, and all wait in shivering suspense the arrival of life-boats. Every moment the vessel is rocking, plunging, crunching like a maddening thing; any minute may come the crash that will end all!

With wild screams of delight they welcome the lunging life-boat. Above the noise may be heard the "hoi-hoi" of her men, and the work of lowering women and children begins.

Dolly—little Dolly—sees them lower her mother and sister. Dacre is standing by her side, white and stern. She throws her arms about his neck in farewell. "Tears and sobs choke her speech. "Oh, Dacre, if the life-boat does not return in time, I shall never see you again. And you are so good—remember I shall always—"

A rough hand is laid upon her arm. She, too, must now go.

For one instant Dacre holds her in a clasp from which no hands can tear her. Some one is lowered in her place; then Dacre pushes her forward quickly.

May not another instant see her dashed into the sea.

This acquaintance, this friendship, this love begun ten days ago on shipboard, has it lived its life, and is this the end?

Away goes the life-boat, and still the vessel rages on, and still there are women left to wring their hands with horror at what seems now certain death.

But again the life-boat comes before the sturdy ship yields to her furious opponent, and again it puts off, leaving the few stout hearts behind who had longest waited.

No boat will survive the storm, yet quick wit and skill have strung together a raft, and when the life-boat leaves them, the crew and remaining passengers lash themselves to this. Dacre Farleighstone is among them.

At last the break comes, and an hour later, when the dull, leaden day slowly, surlily dawns upon the scene, the wreck is no longer within range of their vision, but ten drenched human beings are floating along in the deep sweep of ugly water. The wind has at last abated, but the rain still pours down. Around them a vast nothing, unbroken by line of shore or gleam of sail.

Will they, ere long, also become—nothing?

Within a cheerful, fire-lit drawing-room, Mrs. Thornburn is seated with her two daughters.

It is eight months since their visit to Europe, and they are once more comfortably established for their winter season in New York.

Poor Dolly's tender parting with her lover had been the first intimation which her mother had received of any attachment between the two. Consequently, Dolly had not escaped a vigilant surveillance thenceforth, notwithstanding the fact that Dacre is reported among the missing; the mother, evidently, would never trust Dolly out of her sight more.

A downright scolding Dolly had received, but, owing to her evident ill-health, "as a consequence of their mishap," the mother said, she was spared further interference to the subject.

"I shall marry her as soon as possible," said the mother, in confidence, to her elder sister. "One is never safe with such a girl on one's hands."

Consequently two or three rich bachelors had "been thrust at her," as Dolly expressed herself to her bosom friend, Jessie; "and," Dolly would add, in the midst of her sobs, "all ugly as they can be! And Dacre was so handsome! and now, poor boy, I shall never, never see him again! Mamma thought he was too young and too poor, because he had only his salary; but he was then on business for the large firm with which he was connected, and he told me had he the prospect of rapid advancement. And now that he has gone I shall never, never marry. Think how little I would seem to value his memory to turn about and marry the first ugly rich man I met!"

So Mrs. Thornburn found more difficulty with her daughter that winter than she had anticipated.

She would go to no parties. She would see no gentlemen.

"It is Mr. Haddon, called for the third time this week," said Mrs. Thornburn, glancing at a card handed her by a waiter. "I told him once you were out, and again you were ill, but urged him to call again, and I insist upon your seeing him, Dolly."

"There is only one way you can make me see him," cries Dolly, springing to her feet in anger, "and that is to drag me in struggling in your arms."

Having exploded which outrageous speech, Dolly leaves the room, her mother standing helplessly aglance.

Presently Miss Dolly may be seen making her way to the house of her friend, Jess Holmes, into whose responsive bosom she pours forth the burden of her woes. She remains to dinner, much preferring the society there to that of her mother in her present mood. For there is always Jessie's brother Jack, a young man possessed of fine spirits, whom Dolly likes next best to her lost lover and Jessie.

He is late tonight, and when at last he arrives, he brings with him—a handsome, tall, bearded fellow, whom he immediately proceeds to introduce to the girls, when he is interrupted by a slight scream from their fair guest. She grows pale, then red, and but for the action of this stranger, she would have lain prone upon the floor in a swoon.

He hears the one word, "Dacre!" uttered in such a voice, he sees the face best beloved on earth, and the next instant he holds the frightened girl in his arms.

Before the astonished household he kisses his little love back to consciousness, and Jessie knows it is the lost Dacre returned. The sea has given up its dead.

He had but just arrived, and meeting his old friend Jack Holmes (to whom, of course, Dolly's confidence had never extended), he had accepted his invitation to dinner, little dreaming whom he should meet there.

The crew and the passengers on the raft had been picked up by a steamer going some roundabout way to Spain, and after much delay Dacre had succeeded in reaching London. There he was obliged to remain until his business left him free to return to America. He had never secured Dolly's city address, and therefore could not write, but had hoped to discover her abode upon his arrival in New York.

Well, it is a shocking tale of disobedience I have to relate now, yet, all I can say is, that parents should not think more of wealth than young and tender hearts.

When Dolly left her friend's house that night, she left it under the protection of her fiance, and at twelve o'clock, when Mrs. Thornburn is railing at that "outrageous girl" (for she guesses that Dolly is spending the night with Jessie—had she not done it before?) she receives a note from a messenger.

It runs as follows:

"I am married, and we are now started on the road to Niagara. I mean Dacre and I—for he was saved, and came back yesterday."

DOLLY.

And what is left for mamma now to do?

She can but fold her hands and murmur:

"Married! Without even a decent wedding or trousseau!"

Elephants Tending Babies.

Weakness appeals powerfully to the friendly protection of the strong, and even among brutes—at least the nobler kinds—the appeal is often not in vain. In the curious relations between monster and midget we not unfrequently see the fable of the lion and the mouse repeated without words. There is nothing by any means uncommon or incredible in the stories which have been reported, says Buckland, about the children of a mahout being cared for by the mahout's elephant.

The whole family of the mahout become, as it were, parasites to the elephant by whom they earned their living. I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care, and within reach of his trunk, while the mother went to fetch water, or to get wool or materials to cook the family dinner.

No jackal or wolf would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby who was thus confided to the care of an elephant; but most people who have lived a life in the jungles know how very possible it is for a jackal or a wolf to carry off a baby when lying in a hut, when the mother's back is turned.

The children thus brought up in the companionship of an elephant become ridiculously familiar with him, and take all kinds of liberties with him, which the elephant seems to endure on the principle that it does not hurt him while it amuses the child. You see a little naked black child, about two feet high, standing on the elephant's bare back, and taking it down to the water to bathe, vociferating all the time in the most unbecoming terms of native abusive language. On arriving at the water, the elephant, ostensibly in obedience to the child's command, lies down and enjoys himself, just leaving a part of his body, like a small island, above water, on which the small child stands and shouts, and shouts all the more if he has several companions of his own age, also in charge of their elephants, all allowing in the water around him. If the child slips off his island, the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety.

These little urchins as they grow up, become first mates to mahouts, and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts.

LAND OFFICE.

GOVERNMENT

LANDS,

AND

CHEAP RAILROAD

LANDS.

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furnished. Railroad lands

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test cases tried and deter-

mined. Money loaned on

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