For the past two weeks forest fires bave raged in the Turtle Mountain district, destroying thousands of dollars worth of valuable timber.

one colt and nine hogs. The fire soon spread to the barn of Hon. Henry Strong, burning that and 150 bushels of old and young, men, women and chilwheat and two hundred bushels of oats.

D. W. Driscoll also lost 12,000 feet of Station, on the Valley road, a stop was lumber. Mr. Roberts, who occupied made. Winter began about this time, the store next to Mr. Strong's barn, had and the party concluded to make that his household goods damaged to some extent. Total loss, \$15,000.

Twenty-nine men and nine female patients, who have been under treatment in Yankton, have been transferred to the new Jamestown Asylum. There are now forty patients in the asylum, and the work of the institution has fairly begun. But one building has been completed—the receiving ward in life had accepted the faith of the west. The last legislature appropriated Mormons. \$63,000 for the erection of a new building and \$58,000 for the transfer of patients from Yonkton and running expenses for the next two years.

Miss Moore, a handsome brunette, is preempting a claim near Devil's Lake. She walks from her claim to Devil's Lake, seven miles, and back frequently.

The Blunt Times, in Hughes county, says the acreage in crop about there haps one-third wheat.

Miss Horning, a young lady teacher, living twelve miles north of Brookings, was found dead in her bed recently.

The Harney Peak Tin Mining and Manufacturing company has purchased of the Union foundry and machine shops in New York four sets of Buchanan rolls and four screens for that company's 200-ton concentrating plant; also a Universal 4x30 inch crusher.

A new discovery of tin has been made on Warren's gulch, six miles southwest of Custer City, causing a considerable stampede to that locality.

The spring meetings of the Iowa and Dakota race circuit, with the liberal purses offered, amounting to \$8,000, has drawn a large number of very fast horses, and the Sioux Falls races, to be held June 16-18 will afford an opportunity for sport fully up to anything heretofore held in the northwest. Already some thirty entries have been made, and each class from the 2:24 to the 3:00 shows horses that are sure to make the competition exceeding hot.

The residence of Mrs. Thomas Mullin on Third street, Fargo, was burned. It was valued at \$2,000, and insured for \$1,000; the furniture worth \$1,250, and insured for \$800, was destroyed.

An attorney named A. A. Anderson, a Dane, mysteriously disappeared from De Smet. A letter has been received from him, mailed at Lake Benton, saying there is no use to look for him as when the letter was received he would be gone and his body lost.

The territorial auditor has canvassed the recent vote of McHenry county and issued certificates. Scriptown gets the

The Bismarck Tribune gives this statement of the counties in the Bismarck land district, near the river, showing that but a small portion of the land has yet been taken: In Burleigh county there are eight townships of 144 claims each, taken; thirty-seven townships, including railroad land, not taken. In Morton, six taken; sixty-four, one-half railroad, not taken. In Emmons, three taken, thirty-nine not taken. In McIntosh, one taken, twenty- seven not taken. In Kidder, five taken, thirty-five not taken. In Wells, two taken, eighteen not taken. In McLean, three taken, seventeen not taken. In Mercer and Oliver, two taken, twenty-eight not taken.

Norman R. Lewis and Frank Downay, farmers living near Mina, Dak., and Loren A. Barbour, commercial traveler for a Minneapolis house, called at Fuller's shanty thirteen miles west of Aberdeen, and asked Fuller why he misrepresented facts when testifying for the government in a recent hearing in Barbour's preemption case. Fuller becoming enraged went into the house, thrust a shotgun through the door and fired. The charge graced Barbour's head and the powder permanently dis-figured Lewis' face. Fuller styles himself the "Duke of Argyle" and is considered crazy. He has been a terror to the community and will probably adjudged insane. Fuller, it is said, has been the principal witness for Special Land Agent Jaycox in the numerous fraud investigations.

William Wilder, living thirteen miles south of Aberdeen, committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart. Wilder was about twenty-five years old, of good habits, and had been working for a farmer named Childs. Wilder had threatened to kill himself because his eyes had been poisoned by paris green. He had likewise been disappointed in love. His relatives are well-to-do people at Dunkirk, New York. MORMONS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Reminiscences of the Times When the Sect

Was in Its Infancy. It would surprise many of the present generation to be told that at one time this lower corner of Armstrong, The barn of S. N. Newton of Crystal was burned, together with two horses, one colt and nine hogs. The fire soon floated down the Allegheny River on a rude raft. The party was composed of point temporary headquarters and spend the winter there. Joseph Smith and his brother Hiram visited the party while they were located there, and under their instructions the work of proselyting was vigorously begun. A man named Nicholson headed the White Rock branch of the order, and his influence was soon apparent. Converts were made rapidly, and in a short time scores of persons from every walk

When the springtime came almost every person in the immediate neigh-borhood had been convinced that their future salvation depended on their adherence to the doctrine of JosephSmith, and a large party agreed to accompany his followers into the Western wilds. Others remained with the intention of joining the main body when they had entered into their promised land. correspondence was carried on between says the acreage in crop about there this year will be 200 per cent. larger than 1884, with diversified crops, perilege of examining some of the timestained missives which were sent back to strengthen the faith of the followers who were left behind. The person to whom these letters were addressed has long since been gathered to his fathers, but his wife and children are still natives of this county.

One letter is dated Nauvoo. Ill., August 10, 1844, and is as follows: "Your health of soul and body is my joy, and, if you live in Christ, then is my joy full. We are glad to hear that you are in good health. This we that you are in good health. This we that you are in good health. This we learn from Brother John Greer, who came to this place in good health and ine spirits, just in time to attend our ine spirits, just in time to attend our bread pills or colored water. The Conference, which was held on Tuesday, to set the wheels of the Church in motion; for, since the death of Joseph Smith. we have been almost like seph Smith. we have been almost like sheep having no shepherd, running to sheet of plate-glass behind him was an and fro, picking a little pasture whereever we could get, and waiting for the French criminal who died under the twelve to return. Brother Rigdon and nine of the twelve having returned, a conference of the whole Church was held on Thursday. There was a vast concourse of people—I should think nearly 10,000. The twelve were called to stand in their proper places, and Joseph's counselors, S Rigdon and A. Lyman, were called to the stand on their right, and on their left, that they might aid and cooperate with the twelve in carrying the gospel to all

the brethren, and others not members centuries ago, in fact, the quacks who of the Church, that he was going as a lamb to the slaughter; yet he was as ealm as a summer's morning. He said that his time was come; but the brethren did not seem to realize the truth till after the fatal aeed was committed, and then they remembered "divers honest people whom God hath what he had told them. Had the brethren had the least idea that he would have fallen as he did they would never have allowed him to go to Carthage. It seemed an hour of darkness to us all. When Joseph fell he cried out: 'O, my God!' Then his spirit took its flight. Brother Sidney says he saw our beloved prophet in a vision which he had opened to him in constant of the cried of the cried out: 'O, my God!' Then his spirit took its flight. Brother Sidney says he saw our beloved prophet in a vision which he had opened to him in constant of the cried out thage. It seemed an hour of darkness which he had opened to him in connection with one he and Joseph had on the 16th of February, 1832, which you will find recorded in the Book of the Covenants.

The letter is signed "Thomas Hicken-looper," and is written in a bold, clear the faith healer will have no further The letter is signed "Thomas Hickenhand. The writer was a local magistrate here prior to his departure for the West, and was a highly respected citizen. In other letters he speaks of the intentions of the Mormons to seek refuge still further West, and says that there was a probability of them going to California. He also inquires particularly after the welfare of other the family, and in the evening favored converts to the faith who remained the guests with a few of his most startbehind, and exhorts them to be firm ling recitations. He was approached and fear not. In the neighborhood of by the midget of the family, a fairy Bigdad there are still a number of per- in looks, but with an early developsons who embraced the faith in the ment of speech.
early days, and who still believe in the "Now, I know why you talk so loud early days, and who still believe in the doctrines then taught them, as well as when you speak pieces," she said to the institution of polygamy, which, of him. course, was established subsequent to "A among them are persons who tried Mormon life in the wilderness with unsatisfactory results.

"'Cause you're a Bellowcutionist; ma said so."

That child will be put to be a said so." their location here. Within a radius patronizing stroke of the golden hair. there are those who were once residents of this section, who have withstood all the hardships of the early days and are now with their descendants spending their last days in Mormonland, if not contented with their lot, at least uncomplaining.-Leech burg Letter to Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Good Advice.

Journalist to his wife: "I feel very bad this morning. I don't see that it's worth while to go to work for my head

Wife-"Don't try to think any today, dear. Stay at home and work on your book.—Arkansaw Traveler.

In the hill towns of southern Vermont the snow is still four or five feet deep.

Curing by Faith.

The knowledge that the "faith cure" has risen to the dignity of a "craze" in Boston, the reputed center of occidental civilization, is calculated to excite a smile throughout the country. The whole idea seems at first incongruous; we associate it inevitably with the ignorance and superstition of a age, with charlatanry, street corner quacks, spirit healers, sacred relics, and the working of miracles by prayer. But Boston is not alone in the present enjoyment of this "craze." wave of healing faith seems to be passing over the whole country, and in deavors to speak. On the way to the England such wonderful cures are reasylum he said, in what was afterward ported to have been effected by the Salvation Army people that there actually has been talk in high circles with the Established Church. Thousands have flocked into halls there to be praved for, and the lame the characters with the manner of the continuous and the lame the characters. The continuous in continuement: "Don't want to—creek, cold water—sugar and molasses." His relatives say that he was not in the habit of using the continuement: "Don't want to—creek, cold water—sugar and molasses." His relatives say that he lytic, the deaf, and sufferers from a myriad other real or imagined diseases, have gone away believing themselves cured.

These displays of credulity are not, perhaps, surprising. In one respect they are the natural outgrowth of the they are the natural outgrowth of the he returned to his seat in the coupe Christian faith. Logically, there is no and began his senseless jabber. He reason why the man or woman who believes in the divine interposition in response to prayer should stop short of praying for relief from physical suffering, or hesitate to believe that the relief will be given. The Church, indeed, specifically encourages this faith, for has it not formulated special prayers for the sick, and does it not offer them up whenever the afflicted cry for help? The church, then, can not carp if the afflicted rush in throngs to some ill-regulated and over zealous man who announces that faith and prayer are sufficient medicines for the

sick body. Science, at any rate, is far from scofling at all faith-cures. There are diseases which no amount of faith will affect; there are others in which faith alone seems to be the needed medicine. In all these endeavors there is, of course, an enormous percentage of failures, though they are temporarily any physician can testify. They have themselves often wrought them by tancy plays strange tricks with everybody. Sydney Smith tells how the poet Rogers caught a severe cold at a open window; and there is a story of a impression that he was being bled to death, when the physicians were in reality pricking his flesh and imitating the sound of flowing blood. In other cases people have been cured of nervous ailments by sudden shocks like an alarm of fire or from burglars; and generally physicians maintain that often one of the most difficult phases of disease to combat is the patient's

own lack of faith in his recovery. Faith cures, then, are not only far from impossible, but are based upon "You must not let your faith fail one of the recognized laws of human-you because Joseph Smith has been killed by wicked men. No; he told pendent upon religious ardor. Three one of the recognized laws of humanpendent upon religious ardor. Three worked upon the imaginations of the sick were as much trusted as regular physicians, and the "wise women," the venders of herbs and salves, were in the time of Henry III. protected by law. That statute declared that allowed to prescribe for sores, swelled with various spices and wines, as a remedy for fever. We have advanced beyond that point now, happily, but we are still far from the day when man will so fully understand the laws occupation. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Will be Retired Early.

How innocently unfortunate is the utter frankness of childhood. Young Orotund Delsarte, the dramatic reader, was taking tea, on invitation, with

"And why, my dear?" with a little

The Sign of the Snob.

It is an infallible sign of a snob that he can always inform you that he has been taken for somebody who is greater than himself. There is a story of three Yankees abroad who compared notes. Onesaid: "Iwas mistaken for a Emperor Russia." Quoth a second: "And la 'continually asked if I am not Louis Napoleon." Up spoke the third: "I kin beat that. Yesterday I was goin' aches so painfully that I cannot along the Champs Elysees, and a fellow slapped me on the back and hollered: slapped me on the back and hollered: 'Satan, is that you?' "-Leland, in Chicago Tribune.

> Lord Tennysou's latest struggle with the muse resulted in a poor specimen of waste basket poetry.

A Queer Crank.

The range of phenomena of diseased minds seems almost limitless. An unfortunate young man named John Shields, brought to jail Sunday, furnishes a good example of that observation. tion. He is by occupation a tallyman in a rolling-mill, and lives at No. 589 Lorain street. One week ago he seemed to be in the healthy possession of all his mental faculties. Now his mind is incapable of pursuing any one line of thought for more than a few seconds. Three words, consecutive in sense, was the limit of each of his enlearned to be an attempt to tell his guard that he hoped he would not be language, but yesterday his talk at times savored of low saloons. Deputy Sheriff Farrand took him to the asy-lum. Shields at one time sprang at him and clasped him about the waist, but in a second his mind had veered off on some other train of thought, and read aloud every store sign that he saw and eagerly asked Mr. Farrand if he knew every woman that they passed. John Sullivan occupies a prominent place in his thoughts, and he thinks sometimes that he is a "tough." Several times, on first catching a glimpse of some strange person, he exclaimed excitedly: "There's John Sullivan's pants again!" A good-natured lunatic sat for about an hour in the turnkey's room in the cell, pleasantly smiling on all about him. He was Charles Froil, a mill laborer, living in Armitage street. He had a fierce, bristling beard of rusty color, wild, unkempt hair, a pair of crooked, glaring eyes, and a cavernous mouth filled with blackened stumps of teeth. He could not talk English very well, but was very conversational. A bottle of medi-zine, used by one of the deputy sheriffs for the headache, stood near him on a mantel. His roving eyes fell upon it, and he made a dive in that direction. The bottle was emptied down his throat in an instant, and he returned to his seat muttering with delight: "Beer, wisky." It is claimed that Froil went into a saloon near his house Monday night, and was struck on the head during a fight. It is said that his insanity resulted from the blow. He has a scheme for buying up cattle, and thinks that he can transport the entire population of his native Germany to this country. He was sent to the infirmary. Mr. Mary Carlson, of No. 168 Broadway, was sent to the same institution yesterday. She was not considered dangerous, but nearly overpowered one of the infirmary attendants. She has been subject to spells of insanity on the subject of religion, and was insane about ten years ago, when she was a young woman of years. She now has a family of five children .- Cleveland Leader.

Tippecanoe Not a Glutton. Gen. Harrrison was neither a gour-mand nor a glutton, but was delicate in his tastes, and abstemious in his inindulgence at the table. The writer has frequently eaten at the general's table, and he at the writer's table, so that our knowledge of the demands of his appetite are not merely hearsay. Nor was Gen. Harrison's sickness. which terminated in his death, brought on by over-eating large quantities of indigestible food. He was always an active, energetic man, and from boyhood to the last week of his life rose early, and, when it was to be done, engaged at the early dawn in necessary out-door work. And when there was no such work, he usually took a long walk before breakfast. This had become part of his life, and when he came to Washington he continued the practice.

The week before his death, in pursuance of the practice of his active life, and his habit of early rising and exercise, the general took a walk, as he frequently did, across the long bridge to Georgetown. About the time he started to return he discovered a shower approaching, and hastened to reach the White House before the rain. He worked himself into a perspiration, and a heavy dash of rain wet him thoroughly before he reached protec-The next day he was quite indisposed, which was quickly followed by pneumonia, or bilious pleurisy, which baffled all medical skill, and terminated his useful life after an illness of eight days. These are facts, and he was not killed by a "Hoosier cook" giving him his favorite "cabbage, cucumbers and pickle pork."-Iowa State Register.

The Bantam Grandmother. Ordinarily a new-born chicken will follow any hen, and any hen will cluck and scratch for any new-born chick, if not over a day or two old, but not so with five little bantams recently hatched in Justice Poe's hennery. His little boy, Harry, possessed a very beautiful little bantam hen, which was prized for its beauty and gracefulness, but no sooner had she served her time on the nest, and came strutting forth with the five little beauties, than her worldly existence came to an end.

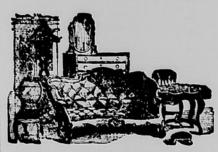
In this dilemma Harry tried to get another hen to be tender and true to the little orphans, but it remained for the grandmother of the orphans to assume this responsibility. The grand-mother was herself on a nest and trying to raise another brood, but readily gave up the prospects and began to care for grandchildren and shows unusual affection and sympathy for the orphans. - Atlanta Constitution.

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