

DAKOTA TERRITORIAL NEWS.

Indian Commissioner Atkins telegraphs Agent Gassman at Crow Creek, wanting to know why he doesn't report progress in removing settlers.

The new grain warehouse at Grand Rapids will have a capacity of over 12,000 bushels.

The Odd Fellows in Bismarck will begin the erection of a building.

W. T. Cook is the newly appointed Methodist minister for Fargo at the Wahpeton conference.

Rev. J. P. Jenkins preached his farewell sermon in Montrose. He is going to Mitchell.

A farmer near Grand Rapids saved his house from the prairie fires by taking off his breeches and fighting the fire with them.

The Presbyterian synod of the Red river valley will meet at the Presbyterian church in Fargo, Oct. 8. It is expected that there will be some fifty members of the body present.

Mr. Nordvold, of the Sioux Falls Vesterheimen, will translate the new constitution into the Norwegian language and print ten thousand copies of that instrument for distribution among our Norwegian citizens.

The members of the territorial republican committee, living south of the forty-sixth parallel, held a meeting at Huron and called a convention to nominate state officers in Huron, Oct. 21; each county to have one delegate to every 1,000 inhabitants, or major fraction thereof, as shown by the June census; each organized county to have at least one delegate. Delegates: Gifford, Messrs. Mellette, Pettigrew, Demet, and others were present.

A large meeting of the bar was held at Huron to petition congress to divide the district and give an additional judge. One judge now attends to all the business in the district of twenty-five counties with a population of 75,000. A petition to this effect was signed by the attorneys present and given to Delegate Gifford.

The North side schoolhouse at Fargo was damaged \$3,000 by fire.

Frank Pollard, son of R. B. Pollard, the Indiana swindler, was the swell dude of Mitchell, and went about with his pockets stuffed full of money, which he threw around in the most reckless manner.

Prairie fires in the vicinity of Menoken, destroyed seven stacks of wheat and fifty acres of oats of Mr. Feagles, and fifty acres of wheat belonging to his brother, part of the buildings, grain and machinery of John Rodgers, 140 acres of wheat owned by G. A. Feagles. The loss in that vicinity is estimated at \$6,000.

Fort Yates was seriously threatened by prairie fires, but was saved by strenuous exertions of the garrison. Ground was plowed around the fort and back fires set.

Northwest of Ipswich prairie fires traversed the prairie for miles, burning the prairie clean, and destroying several stacks of hay and grain. The heaviest loser was Henry B. Smith, 1,000 bushels of wheat; B. Hayden also lost about 600 bushels, and D. M. Donahy 500 bushels.

The Aberdeen brewery, owned by R. E. Carton, was burned. Loss, \$6,000; insurance, \$4,500.

Sixty-three new postoffices have been established in the territory since Jan. 1.

Near Mitchell the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fullerton was accidentally shot and killed by an eight-year-old son of Theodore David, who did not know it was loaded.

Attorney Westover of Chicago, secured a verdict giving judgment for \$125 against Maj. Edwards of the Fargo Argus, for libel. The defense claimed that Edwards did not own the paper and was not responsible for the article in question.

Judge Francis has granted leave to institute quo warranto proceedings to oust T. T. Tillotson from the office of district attorney of Rolette county. Mr. Tillotson claims to hold the office both by election and appointment. W. H. Crow claims the office by appointment.

Prairie fires worked great destruction north of Mandan in the Knife river valley. McGrath Bros., of Stanton, lost 2,000 bushels of wheat. Other farmers lost large quantities. The country was burned over twenty miles north of Mandan, but many farmers were protected.

The Watertown Driving and Stock association made an excellent exhibit of registered and trotting stock at its grounds. It was a source of general regret that the cattle forwarded from the Minnesota herd of Messrs. Cosgrove & Cronen were destroyed in a burning car while en route for Watertown. Fourteen out of the sixteen were killed. The surviving two were not shown. The display of stock has convinced the farmers here that Dakota is not to be behind neighboring states in the possession of blooded stock.

DUST AND ASHES.

She practiced on him all her wiles Till in love's silken net she caught him, And showered on him her sweetest smiles When to her feet she captive brought him.

But when he pleaded with the maid To be regarded as her lover, She sighed a little, blushed and said, "Please wait until the summer's over."

And then began love's golden dream; To every picnic, every dance he Took her, bought her lemon-cream And other things that maidens fancy.

At beach hotels with her he hopped, For she was quite an ardent dancer— At length the youth the question popped And waited for the maiden's answer.

It drew the sweetness from his life, It burned and scorched him like a blister; 'Twas this: "I cannot be your wife, But I will be to you a sister." Boston Courier.

DESERTED LOVERS.

"Our ship! our ship! See, Henry, she is sailing away without us. What can it mean?"

The speaker, Lucy Morrill, was a beautiful girl—a dark-eyed brunette; the person whom she addressed was her lover—Captain Henry Cavendish—a young man of twenty-six.

They had left the vessel in the dingy, only an hour before, to visit one of those isles of the Pacific ocean, near which the ship was then lying "off and on."

The name of the craft was the Swallow, and she was the joint property of Cavendish and of Lucy's brother. She contained a valuable cargo, which the two owners expected to dispose of at Sydney, Australia, at a profit of many thousands.

His share would, the captain had anticipated, afford him the means to commence married life with, and he had already won a promise from the sweet girl, who had accompanied her brother on the voyage, to become his wife as soon as the cargo was sold.

Now, at Lucy's exclamation, her lover, who was in a small valley, gathering flowers for her, ran to the summit of the hill on which she stood.

"Aye, what can it mean?" he cried, in surprise and dismay.

The ship had made all said, and, before a fair wind, was receding from his gaze at a rapid rate.

He gesticulated—waved hat and kerchief in vain. On went the vessel, and at last her hull was invisible, and only her upper sails could be seen.

Gradually these dipped lower and lower, until every vestige of the craft was lost to view in the distance.

The two looked at each other with blanched faces.

Here they were, left by themselves on this far away isle of the Pacific, which they knew was out of the track of passing vessels.

"Something is wrong," said the captain sadly. "I fear I have lost everything. I was in a fair way to be happy and prosperous. Now I am poorer than a beggar."

Tears rose in Lucy's eyes. I advised you not to go into partnership with my brother," she said. "But I did not believe he was dishonest. I thought he was only wild and reckless. Now I do not know what to think."

"It has spoiled our happiness," said Cavendish. "Probably we will never see the craft again, and as I am thus penniless, I cannot think of obliging you to fulfil your promise of being my wife."

For several moments Lucy's dark eyes were veiled by their long lashes; then she threw herself weeping on her lover's breast.

"Can you believe me to be mercenary?" she said. "Oh no, Henry; I am yours the same as ever."

"But," replied Cavendish, "we have no money to live on now, if I should make you mine."

"We hardly need money here," said Lucy, smiling.

"That is true; but we will want food."

"We would want that whether we were married or not," said Lucy softly.

"And so you are willing to be my bride—to marry me now?"

"I—I did not say so," she answered shyly. "It is for you to say."

"Who is here to marry us?"

"True enough; but—but—I don't know—I have heard that missionaries are sometimes on these far away islands."

"We will go and look for one," said Cavendish, offering his arm.

They had not proceeded far when they met a native—a dusky, wildy-clad man, with long black hair. He showed surprise on seeing them, and asked them many questions in broken English.

From him the lovers learned that there was a missionary on the island. He guided them to that person's house, a small building, with a thatched roof.

The missionary, an aged man, received them kindly and heard their story.

"It is seldom that vessels pass this way," he said. "I am afraid you will have to stay here for months. You will have to live principally on fruit and fish."

"Can we get plenty of that?" inquired Cavendish.

If you have a boat, you can go out

and catch all the fish you want. As to fruit, it grows wild on some parts of the isle, but to make sure of getting enough, you had better cultivate a plantation of your own."

The young man had no difficulty in inducing the missionary to perform the marriage ceremony.

Assisted by the good man, the captain then set out about erecting a habitation. It was finished in a few days, and the missionary loaned the young couple a few utensils to "commence housekeeping" with. For a pocket-knife and a silver tobacco-box, one of the female natives sold to the captain half-a-dozen dresses, which she had obtained, in exchange for fruit, from the master of an English vessel that had once anchored off the island. These dresses, Lucy, who was skillful with the needle, soon altered to fit her person.

And now, while Cavendish never ceased to regret the loss of his vessel and cargo, he and his pretty wife could not help enjoying their island life. The captain eventually had a thriving plantation, on which he cultivated not only fruit, but also vegetables.

In his boat—the Dingy—he would row miles away from the island to obtain fish, and often Lucy would accompany him.

Happy in each other's society, the two at last became attached to their snug little island home, which stood, with its thatched roof, perched on a rising bit of ground above the beach, where the sea waves came rolling in white and high. One morning, after they had lived there almost a year, Cavendish left his wife to go on one of his usual fishing excursions.

It was a calm, still day, and the young man, rowing far from the isle, was soon lost to the gaze of Lucy—who was watching him—in the misty distance.

An hour later a terrific gale suddenly came sweeping over the ocean. The wind and the sea, together roared with a din that was almost deafening, and it seemed to Lucy that the great waves, scattering sheets of spray that filled the air like white clouds, were as high as mountains.

Terrified and anxious on her husband's account, she watched in vain for his return.

"He is lost! He is lost!" she cried, wringing her hands. "His boat could not live in a sea like that. Oh, Henry! Henry!"

The old missionary made his appearance. He strove to console her, but he could give no hope, for he, too, could not help thinking the captain was lost.

The spray and the rack of the storm covered the raging water for miles, so that no object could at present be seen through the cloud-like curtain.

Straining their eyes to the utmost, the two anxious watchers vainly endeavored to pierce with their gaze rushing masses of vapor.

All at once Lucy fancied she saw something like a black speck tossed and hurled along towards the island.

"See! What is it?" she gasped.

"An overturned boat," said the missionary, when the object had drifted nearer.

"It is his boat!" Lucy cried in agony. Such was indeed the case.

Broken and battered, the dingy in which Cavendish had left the island, was at length hurled high upon the beach.

It seemed as if Lucy would lose her reason.

With wild eyes she gazed upon the boat.

Not a sound escaped her.

She stood like a statue, staring at the broken dingy, as if she could not tear herself away from the spot.

"Come, child," said the missionary; "come. It is hard, but you must try to control yourself."

"I will stay here. I will watch for his body," she groaned. "It must soon come."

But she waited in vain.

The waves refused to give her the remains of her husband.

She tottered to the little house, and, throwing herself down on a rustic lounge there, she gave way to her grief.

"To think that I will never, never see him again!" she cried. "Oh, I wish that I, too, was dead!"

There was a bright, hectic color on each cheek, and a restless gleam in her eyes.

The words of consolation offered by the missionary fell unheeded on her ears. A delirious fever was fast taking possession of her brain.

The old missionary went outside of the house, and walked to and fro, his mournful gaze turned seaward.

The violence of the gale had now abated and the atmosphere had cleared.

Far away the watcher beheld a large ship, apparently heading for the island.

"Here comes a vessel!" he called, hoping thus to turn the young wife's mind a little from her grief.

She was on her feet and out of the house in a moment. With eager interest did she gaze on the approaching craft.

"I know that ship," she cried, in a voice of agony. "It is my husband's and my brother's—the Swallow. But it has come too late—too late! My Henry has gone, and I will never leave the island. I will die here, and when I die I must be buried in the sea, where he lies, and there we shall meet again."

Wildly shone her eyes as she spoke, and the missionary feared that her mind had already begun to wander.

Meanwhile on came the ship, until she was within a mile of the beach, when a boat was lowered and pulled shoreward.

As it drew nearer, there was a simultaneous

cry of joy from Lucy and the missionary, for they recognized Captain Cavendish, standing in the bow, waving his hat to them.

"He has been picked up and saved!" cried Lucy's companion.

"Aye, aye, safe and well!" shouted the captain, hearing the words.

Soon after the boat's keel grated on the beach, and Lucy threw herself into her husband's arms.

"Have you no greeting for me?" said a voice near them.

Lucy looked up to see her brother, whom she had not recognized on account of his thick beard.

As the captain released her, he embraced and kissed her.

"This is, indeed a happy day for me," he said. "Out in the storm, just as it commenced, I fell in with your husband, struggling in his little boat, and I was fortunate enough to pick him up. The boat however, drifted away from us before we could secure it. Now I find my sister, well and happy, still, I hope, having faith in her wild scamp of a brother."

"Why did you desert us?" inquired Lucy. "Why leave us on this island?"

"It was not I who deserted you, but the men. They rose in mutiny, which they had probably been for some time planning, knocked me and the two mates down, tied our hands and feet, thrust us into the hold like pigs, and then, clapping on sail, headed away from the island."

"Their object as I afterward learned, was to take the vessel to some South American port, there sell the cargo, pocket the funds, and then make off inland, leaving the craft in our possession. They were not good navigators, and, therefore, they were many months beating about the Pacific Ocean."

"At last they were within some hundreds of miles of the South American coast, but by this time half the number concluded that their plan was not a feasible one. They would, on reaching port, be boarded by the authorities, questions would be asked, and detection, it seemed, would be inevitable. They were unanimous for freeing us and returning to their duty, provided we would promise not to punish them severely for what they had already done."

"Two others did not like this proposition; the two parties quarreled, and the end of it was that they all finally resolved to desert the vessel in a body, and make for an island they saw in the distance. They did so, first setting us at liberty. They took the launch—the best boat we had—and many useful things from the ship."

With the cook and steward, there now were only five of us to work the ship. A few days later, however, we shipped some Portuguese sailors from the Felix Islands, off which we then lay becalmed."

"As these men wanted to go to Sydney, and would not ship until I had promised them I would make a 'strait wale' for that place, I was obliged to head in that direction, instead of retracing my course to the distant shore—a thousand miles away—on which you and Cavendish had been left."

"A fair wind favored me, and I finally arrived at Sydney, when I disposed of our cargo to a much better advantage than I had even expected. Then I shipped another crew, and headed for this isle, off which, it seems, I arrived just in time to save your husband's life. I have to add that his share of our profits is with mine, safe under lock and key, aboard ship."

A few days later, Captain Cavendish, now the fortunate possessor of many thousands, sailed away with his wife from the island. In due time the happy couple reached London, and on the outskirts of that city they erected a comfortable cottage—their future home.

General Notes.

The South has 233 cotton mills in operation, running over a million spindles.

Boston's total property valuation, just reported, is \$685,404,600. The tax rate is \$12.80 per thousand against \$17 last year.

The city census of Albany, N. Y., shows a population of 96,155 against 90,907 in 1870.

It is related as a fact that in France in the summer of 1705 nobody ventured out of doors between noon and 4 p. m., and people cooked their dinner by laying the meat on plates in the sunshine.

The Adventists have revised their calculations, and now announce that the world will come to an end—no postponement on account of the weather—May 14, 1886.

Rattle snakes have two hinged teeth, or fangs, which they project outward in attack, which action frees a poisonous liquid contained in small sacks at the root of the teeth. The bite in common water, garter and milk snakes is not poisonous, and black snakes do not bite, but squeeze the life from their prey, as does the anaconda.

Gold is found in all parts of the world. It is said to be everywhere. Prof. Foote recently made a statement to the effect that there is more gold in the clay under the city of Philadelphia than would equal the entire valuation of the city. In 1812 men made 60 cents a day washing the sands near Chester, on the Delaware river, where William Penn first landed.

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