

## DAKOTA TERRITORIAL NEWS.

Hog cholera prevails near Yankton.

Ex-Delegate Raymond doubts if congress will divide Dakota, but looks for admission of the whole territory this winter.

Huron will have a big musical festival Oct. 26.

Clarence Bennett appeared at Woonsocket in the rink as a professional boxer and gave one or two exhibitions. After his last appearance he proceeded to get on a royal good drunk and made himself quite conspicuous. He wound up by attempting to outrage a aundry woman named Hathaway. He was arrested and lodged in jail but was taken out and flogged and feathered. The tar was not and was applied with brooms, Bennett being held upon the ground. When he was completely covered he was rolled in the pile of feathers, and the job was completed. He was given notice that if he ever returns to Woonsocket he will be lynched, after which he was left to shift for himself.

Some Nebraska parties talk of putting up a barbed wire factory in Sioux Falls.

The average of wheat in Missouri valley is about twenty bushels to the acre.

The Buxton Mining company are shipping large quantities of ore to the Omaha reduction works that net them \$1,000 to the ton.

Mrs. J. E. Brown and her sister, Mrs. Richardson, fought bravely and saved Mr. Brown's grain stacks, granary, barn and dwelling on his farm near Jamestown, while Mr. B. was in town.

The Democrats of Beadle county have issued a call for a mass convention of Democrats of South Dakota to meet in Huron Oct. 21, the day of the Republican convention, to take party action on the constitution as adopted by the Sioux Falls convention.

A prairie fire started above Vanderbilt, Campbell county, burned most of the country between there and Spring river. Mrs. Chilcott lost her barn, grain and hay, Mathew Baker lost his barn and about 400 bushels of oats and several other small amounts.

Hon. J. H. Teller, territorial secretary states that he knows nothing of the reported filing of charges in Washington against Gov. Pierce.

The presbytery of the Northern Pacific has just concluded its session at Casselton. It was decided to change the name to the Presbytery of Fargo. The sermon was by Rev. E. W. Day of Lisbon, and the moderator was Rev. E. P. Forsman of Hillsboro.

An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Smart, of Wessington Springs, was accidentally killed by being crushed by the overturning of a buggy.

Sully county, nearly three years old, with 3,300 population, has never had a legalized saloon, a pauper nor a criminal imprisoned.

R. H. Lulla, a prominent farmer living ten miles from Pierre, was found dead.

At the tax sale the Queen Bee mill at Sioux Falls, was sold for delinquent taxes to local parties. The amount of taxes due was \$3,771.97. The sale of lands for taxes was very exciting, and the tracts were largely taken by the buyers at the smallest amounts of land.

Charles Greve's Dakota farm of 500 acres, near Hillsboro, yielded 9,766 bushels of wheat, 1,900 bushels of oats and 117 bushels of barley, beside vegetables.

The Congregational convention at Fargo devoted a great deal of time to the consideration of the location and organization of a college in North Dakota. A committee consisting of Rev. Dr. Strong and Rev. William Montgomery, was appointed to report on the location of a college, and recommended the following resolution, which was adopted by the conference: Resolved, That a committee of nine be appointed and empowered to select bids for the location of a Congregational college in North Dakota. A unanimous vote shall decide the location; otherwise the committee shall make a full report to the association. In case a location is determined by the committee, they are authorized to secure the incorporation of the institution associate with themselves, as a board of trustees, other gentlemen so that the board of control shall contain not less than fifteen nor more than twenty members. Two-thirds of the members of the board of trustees shall be members of a Congregational church and when legally organized this board shall have authority to organize, equip and control the institution, to hold and convey property and to discharge all the functions of similar bodies. The following were informally recommended and elected by the convention as the committee of nine: Reverends H. C. Simmons, Fargo; R. A. Beard, Fargo; G. B. Barnes, Wahpeton; Thomas Sims, Valley City; A. L. Gillette, Grand Forks; H. W. Coe, M. D. Mandan; R. Carey, Carrington; G. Barnard, Cooperstown; J. H. Hayward, Wahpeton.

## The Carnage at Malvern Hill.

Fitz John Porter's Description.

In General Fitz John Porter's account of the last of the seven days' battles in the August Century the following occurs: "While taking Meagher's brigade to the front I crossed a portion of the ground over which a large column had advanced to attack us, and had a fair opportunity of judging of the effect of our fire upon the ranks of the enemy. It was something fearful and sad to contemplate; few steps could be taken without tramping upon the body of a dead or wounded soldier, or without a piteous cry, begging our party to be careful. In some places the bodies were in continuous lines and in heaps. In Mexico I had seen fields of battle on which our armies had been victorious, and had listened to piteous appeals; but the pleadings were not of my countrymen then, and did not, as now, cause me to deplore the effects of a fratricidal war.

"Sadder still were the trying scenes I met in and around the Malvern House, which at an early hour that day had been given up to the wounded, and was soon filled with our unfortunate men, suffering from all kinds of wounds. At night, after issuing orders for the withdrawal of our troops, I passed through the buildings and the adjoining hospitals with my senior medical officer, Colonel George H. Lyman. Our object was to inspect the actual condition of the men, to arrange for their care and comfort, and to cheer them as best we could. Here, as usual, were found men mortally wounded by necessity left unattended by the surgeons, so that prompt and proper care might be given to those in whom there was hope of recovery. It seemed as if the physician was cruel to one in doing his duty, by being merciful to another whose life might be saved.

"While passing through this improvised hospital I heard of many sad cases. One was that of the major of the Twelfth New York Volunteers, a brave and gallant officer, highly esteemed, who was believed to be mortally wounded. While breathing his last, as was supposed, a friend asked him if he had any message to leave. He replied: 'Tell my wife that in my last thoughts were blended herself, my boy and my flag.' Then he asked how the battle had gone, and when told that he had been successful he said: 'God bless the old flag—' and fell back apparently dead. For a long time he was mourned as dead, and it was believed that he had expired with the prayer left unfinished on his closing lips. Though still an invalid, suffering from a wound then received, that officer recovered to renew his career in the war, and now for recreation engages in lively contests of political warfare.

"On the occasion of this visit we frequently met with scenes which would melt the stoutest heart—bearded men piteously begging to be sent home; others requesting that a widowed mother or orphan sister might be cared for; more sending messages to wife or children, or to others near and dear to them. We saw the amputated limbs and the bodies of the dead hurried out of the room for burial. On every side we heard the appeals of the unattended, the moans of the dying and the shrieks of those under the knife of the surgeon. We gave what cheer we could, and left with heavy hearts. There was no room then for ambitious hopes of promotion; prayers to God for peace—speedy peace—that our days might be there after devoted to efforts to avert another war, and that never again should the country be afflicted with such a scourge filled our hearts as we passed from those mournful scenes."

Little Susie has a pet cat which is much older than its mistress; so much older in fact that it is in an advanced state of decrepitude. Susie heard her mother say that she thought she would have the cat chloroformed. It is hoped the child did not understand the full import of the word; for the next day she went to her mother with the cat in her arms and asked her if she wanted to chloroform it. "Yes, Susie," was the reply, "I think it will be better to do so; you know she is very old and feeble and doesn't enjoy life much." "Well, mamma," said the little innocent, "don't you think it would be well to chloroform grandma, too? She's very old and feeble, and this hot weather she is awful cross. I don't think she enjoys life, and I know I don't when she scolds me."

A movement is on foot to erect a monument over the tomb of ex-President William Henry Harrison at North Bend, O. It is on a natural mound in the midst of a pasture lot, and it overlooks the Ohio river. A dilapidated board fence, enclosing a space fifty feet square, separates the burial place from the pasture field. Within the enclosure are two or three old cedar trees. The tomb itself is a structure of brick, all under ground except the gables, and it is covered with a roof of shingles, that are now dilapidated and rotten. Even the brick walls that show above the ground are covered with a green mould. A sloping cellar door covers the steps which descend to the vault, and even these doors of iron, exposed to the summer rains and winter snows, are eaten through with rust.

General Frank Sigel, "mit" whom the Germans used to fight, has been appointed to a \$3,500 position in the County Clerk's office in New York.

## DONANZA KINGS.

Where Fortunes Change Hands—The Stock Exchange and the Banks of California and Nevada.

A celebrated English financier, writes a San Francisco correspondent, once said: "There is more money lost and made in California in one week than would pay the debt of England." This may seem an exaggerated estimate of the vast sums that have changed hands in San Francisco, for that is the central point for all money-making schemes on the Pacific coast, but it is the truth. The Bank of Nevada, the great foothold of the Donanza kings, and unquestionably the lever for all the greatest influences in mining stocks, both elevating and depressing them, is to be found in Frisco. This bank was once owned by Mackay, Flood and Fair, but Mackay was bought out, and now the ruling power is Flood and Fair. The Bank of California, the oldest of the two banks, from which the great railroad kings, Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins, Crocker and others started, and from which poor Ralston rushed one day to the sea, stands there grim, silent and strong, unshaken by the failures of thousands, but as firm and sure as the Bank of England. Right near it stands the Merchant's Exchange, a very meagre looking affair, erected about 1867, from which many have gone forth bankrupt, ruined and without a penny, who put their faith in stocks. The Safe Deposit Company has a building next to the Merchant's Exchange, which is a very modern structure. It is asserted that at one time there was over \$28,000,000 worth of jewelry, plate and bonds in two vaults, belonging to Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Mackay, under the care of this company. The Stock Exchange on Pine street is a noticeably handsome room, nothing but mining stocks being handled there. In 1875, the year of highest prices, the aggregate value of the mining stocks which were handled in this exchange was \$282,000,000.

In 1881 the aggregate value of the same stock was but \$17,000,000. There had occurred a shrinkage of \$265,000,000, or more than fifteen times the amount of the total value surviving. Why was this? You naturally ask. Because the Comstock, a most famous mine, had been found to be overvalued, and flooded, as the market was with its paper, the bottom had dropped out of it. Again, Consolidated Virginia, which had a fancy value of \$75,000,000 was then worth less than one. Sierra Nevada, estimated on the street as worth at least \$28,000,000, was considered enormous then at \$825,000, but of all the shrinkages or tumble-downs of mines the California "took the cake." From \$84,000,000 it had shrunk to about \$200,000. That was the year for anxiety and depression of all classes, because to be a thorough Californian you must have floated through the mining market.

Flood and O'Brien many years ago were the owners of the "Auction Lunch," a saloon on Washington street, near the postoffice. Their accession to wealth reads like the story of Arabian Nights. They were always shrewd, sharp, honest dealing men, and as such commanded the trade of the miners, who in the snowy and wet seasons of late fall, winter and early spring came in from the mountains with their gold dust, prepared to make San Francisco their resting place until they could return to their labors again. Flood and O'Brien were in the habit of receiving from the miners their gold dust and locking it up for them, at the same time playing them with questions as to the "paying qualities," of such and such a mine; or if any new mine had been pre-empted they found it out. Little by little they worked until one fine morning all San Francisco was startled by the knowledge that Flood and O'Brien were proprietors of the "Hale and Narcross," a very rich mine. Next they sold out the "Auction Lunch" and "boomed out" as possessors of a rich share of the Comstock lode, holding it until it depreciated in value and shifting their burden upon some poor unfortunate, who bought it when it was valueless and utterly useless as a paying investment. Flood talked very little of his elevation in the world, but O'Brien "cashed in" before he had a chance to use his wealth, leaving to a host of nieces and nephews a fabulous fortune.

Harry Meigs's wharf still stands as a relic of his great propensity to gain wealth, although now it is used as a dumping pier for the city refuse, and swarms of rag-pickers gather around it every day to pick out such scraps as they may before the tide carries the refuse away. In the days of Meigs, away back in the fifties, it was the wharf at which the ships landed. Meigs, with his millions of South American money, longed to return and die in California. He offered and partially paid back all he had obtained before he so suddenly decamped, but he could not return. A bill was presented to the Legislature to give him a chance to return to his native health, but it failed to pass. His eldest daughter came to San Francisco and for months pleaded, worked and supplicated those whom he had defrauded, or their heirs, to permit him to return, but they were immovable. They firmly refused. His old friends, the old pioneers—for that was before the days of the Mackays, Floods, O'Briens or other late-

day capitalists were known—had scattered, but those who remained, while they felt a pity for him, could do nothing. They were not wealthy. It was the wealthy few who kept him away. Poor Ralston, who swam out into the bay and was drowned within sight of his old friend's wharf had he lived might have influenced public opinion to permit Meigs to return; but he, like Meigs, left a record behind him which to this day his widow has struggled to clear up, and could the curtain be lifted from the past in these two men's lives there are many old Californians who believe, especially in Ralston's case, that they would be found to be more sinned against than sinning.

Speaking of Ralston's death, there was a story circulated for years that bears repetition. After his body had been found the papers announced that he had been drowned. Next day a party of capitalists were talking over the affair in the bar room of the Lick House, then a famous hotel, when Sam Crocker came in. Crocker was a warm friend and adherent of Ralston's, and had organized and originated the Labor Exchange at his (Ralston's) suggestion. This Labor Exchange was an institution to help employers and employes and to prevent mendacity. Hastily approaching the wealthy circle, to whom Sam was known, he said: "I hear Ralston is a defaulter to the tune of a million." "It's a lie," answered Mark Hopkins. "I do not believe it," answered another. "The best way to settle it," said another, is to give the Bank of California a check for the amount; it will save talk." "Draw it up, Mark," said another. No paper was handy, so Hopkins took out the fly leaf of a memorandum book, and drawing up a check for "one million dollars, payable to cash," these four signed it, each being responsible for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars apiece, and together they went to the Bank of California. The check was never used, but is kept by the Murphy family, framed, as a relic of the most money ever put on a piece of paper outside of a bank check by any four men.

## Catherine's Ride.

We must not overlook a little episode belonging to the period of mother's visit to London, and connection with another first cousin, Catherine Martin. She was a daughter of John Wood, the third son of the patentee, who lived in great splendor at Wednesbury, where he had inherited iron-works from his father. Catherine, wife of a purser in the navy, and conspicuous for her beauty and impulsive, violent temper, having quarreled with her excellent sister, Dorothea Fryer, at whose house in Staffordshire she was staying, suddenly set off to London on a visit to her great uncle, Rev. John Pimley, prebend of the collegiate church at Wolverhampton and chaplain of Morden college, Blackheath. She journeyed by the ordinary mode of conveyance, the gee-ho, a large stage-wagon drawn by a team of six horses, and which, driven merely by day, took a week from Wolverhampton to the Cook and Bell, Smithfield.

Arrived in London, Catherine proceeded on foot to Blackheath; there, night having come on, and losing her way, she was suddenly accosted by a horseman with: "Now, my pretty girl, where are you going?" Pleased by his gallant address, she begged him to direct her to Morden college. He assured her that she was fortunate in having met with him instead of one of his company, and inducing her to mount before him, rode across the heath to the pile of buildings which had been erected by Sir Christopher Wren for decayed merchants, the recipients of Sir John Morden's bounty. Assisting her to alight, he rang the bell, then remounted the steed and galloped away, but not before the alarmed official who had answered the summons had exclaimed: "Heavens! Dick Turpin on Black Bess!" Mother always said "Dick Turpin;" another version in the family runs "Capt. Smith." —Mary Howitt in Good Words.

## How to Live One Hundred Years.

From the Chicago News.

If the weather has made arrangements to keep the mercury permanently among the nineties, perhaps nobody wishes to live 100 years, but if anybody does, Dr. J. M. Peebles' pamphlet under that title pretends to tell him how he may do so. There is an old story of an Indian who was told that he could have three wishes, and that what he asked for would be given him. "Well," said he, "I wish first for all the rum me can drink." Next! "Me wish next for all the 'bacco me wants." And last! The old Indian thought a long time and finally said: "Well, me guess me take some more rum." So Dr. Peebles' first wish is that he may have all the sleep he wants, then all the water he wants to drink and to splash in, and then—well, he'll take a little more sleep. Certainly the Doctor prescribes to the liking of most persons who, in this severely warm weather, would like nothing better than snoozing, and splashing in cool water, and snoozing again. It is delightful medicine, but nevertheless, the Doctor thinks that where there are no pre-natal influences at work against the health, sleep and water, together with the vegetarian and farinaceous system of diet, and clothing made with a view to protection against the variations of heat and cold, and with no other view, will keep a person alive for a century.

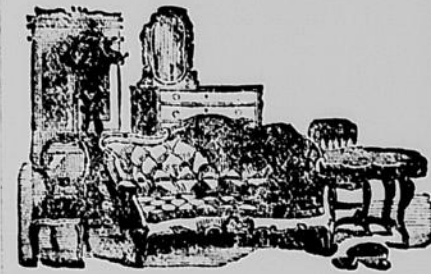
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